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GUESSES.

I know a maiden; she is dark and fair,
With curved brows and eyes of hazel hue,
And mouth, a marvel, delicately rare,
Rich with expression, ever quaint yet new.
Oh, happy fancy, there she, leaning, sits,
One little palm against her temples pressed,
And all her tresses winking like brown elves;
The yellow fretted laurels toss in fits,
The great laburnums droop in swoons of rest,
The blowing woodbines murmur to themselves.

What does she think of, as the daylight floats
Along the mignonetted window sills,
And, flame-like, overhead, with ruffled throats,
The bright canaries twit their seeded bills?
What does she think of? Of the jasmine flower
That, like an odorous snow-flake, opens slow,
Or of the linnet on the topmost briar,
Or of the cloud that, fringed with summer shower,
Floats up the river spaces, blue and low,
And magged with lilies like a bank of fire?

Ah, sweet conception! enviable guest,
Lodged in the pleasant palace of her brain,
Summoned a minute, at her rich behest,
To wander fugitive the world again.
What does she think of? Of the dusty bridge,
Spanning the mallow shadows in the heat,
And porching in its hollow the cool wind;
Or of the poplar on the naked ridge;
Or of the bee that, clogged with nectared feet,
Hums in the gorgeous tulip bed confined.

At times, her gentle brows are archly knit
With tangled subtleties of gracious thought;
At times, the dimples round her mouth are lit
By rosy twilights from some image caught.
What does she think of? Of the open book,
Whose pencilled leaves are fluttering on her knee;
Or of the broken fountain in the grass;
Or of the dumb and immemorial rook,
Perched like a winged darkness on the tree,
And watching the great clouds in silence pass?

I know not: myriad are the phantasies
That trouble the still dreams of maidenhood,
And wonderful the radiant entities
Shaped in the passion of her brain and blood.
Oh, Fancy! through the realm of guesses fly,
Unlock the rich abstraction of her heart
(Her soul is second in the mystery);
Trail thy gold meshes thro' the Summer sky;
Question her tender breathings as they part,
Tell me, Revealer, that she thinks of me.

VIOLET;

OR,

THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE

BY PIERCE EGAN.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XLIX.

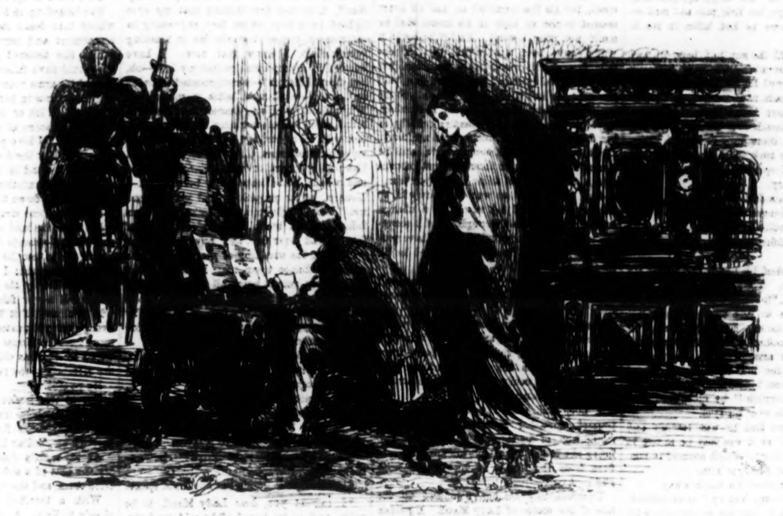
Erle had entered the grim, dark old library with feelings of awe rather than reverence. There was so much of the supernatural mixed up with the natural in this dusky aspect of the gloomy chamber, that a painful thrill ran through his frame even as he advanced to the antique case to withdraw from its dusty shelves the volumes which, in his estimation, possessed a priceless value.

The death-like stillness which reigned around him, the black obscurity which pervaded the room, and which the feeble rays of his small lamp only tended to render more sepulchral in its features, the vivid consciousness that he was trespassing here, and if detected, would be subjected to some painful, humiliating indignity, all united to make his breast ache with a sickly, foreboding oppression. For a time his blood seemed chilled and his heart stilled in its pulsation, but suddenly, when his startled ear caught the light sound of an approaching footstep and the rustling of a flowing robe, it palpitated with wild rapidity, and it quickened its violent beatings when his amazed eye fell upon the slight and graceful form of Lady Maud advancing towards him with the gentle, gliding motion of an apparition; yet more impetuous were its throbbings now that he found himself, under such extraordinary circumstances, by her side.

At first he was appalled and rendered speechless by her sudden appearance—now his emotion was of a suffocating nature—he felt as though he should choke unless he could utter a cry; yet he knew that were he to breathe a sound to startle and awaken her, the consequences might prove fatal to her.

Motionless he sat with her alone in that grim, cold, dark old library, her soft shoulder resting against his, and her glazed eyes turned upon the black-lettered page of the ancient volume, as though they could decipher the strangely-formed characters there written.

Motionless, awe-stricken, he remained while she, murmuring words with low, swift accents, words so indistinctly uttered, that though he listened intently, he failed to interpret them, bent her young, fair face lower and lower over the book, until her trembling lips came into contact with the leaf, and then he saw them press it with a sweet, soft, loving kiss.



ERLE AND LADY MAUD.

It is impossible to describe the tumultuous feelings which upheaved within his breast, and which filled his whole being with an intense and passionate joy, when he saw this. But he felt the imperious necessity of restraining his emotion, and by a painfully-exercised control, he kept them confined where they originated—not, however, accomplishing this without quivering nerves and trembling limbs.

His own eyes, though they had their natural speculation in them, were filled with moisture, so that though he strove to read the words also, they appeared hazy, indistinct and undecipherable.

And then Lady Maud slowly uplifted her head when she had kissed the page, and leaned her marble cheek upon her hand, turning, as it seemed, her gaze towards the darkly-shadowed entrance by which she had made her way into the old library.

And she sat still, without a sound emanating from her lips. Erle could hear his own heart beat but not her breath coming and going.

The situation was indeed trying. The ghastly chamber, with its tall cases of black oak running gauntly up to the now undistinguishable ceiling, its massive furniture, its grim array of hauberks, corslets, and military weapons of ancient date, its suits of armor, plate and mail, perfected with helmets, so as to resemble warriors in all the panoply of war, its triple-arched windows with lozenge-shaped panes, stained in various forms of armorial bearings, ecclesiastical emblems, and other quaint devices, engendered in the glare of day, even under the most favorable conditions, a feeling of solemn awe; but in the dim and feeble light emanating from the two lamps, it appeared supernaturally gloomy and full of imaginative terror even to the firm mind of Erle, though he knew these fears to be unreal. Such a scene, indeed, at that hour of the still night, with its awe-inspiring gloom and death-like silence, would scarcely have failed to have raised emotions of strange, horrifying, unshapeable dread in the breast and minds of many a stout-hearted fellow, but even such emotions paled before those which filled the bosom of Erle, and made his heart ache akin to bursting.

It was not alone that his mind was oppressed by the supernatural characteristics of this drear old chamber; but it had also to encounter and to endure without an audible sign the preternatural appearance of Lady Maud.

To have met her alone at this hour, and in this very solemn and antique chamber, full of animation and consciousness, would have afforded him unspeakable happiness. He would have forgotten all about the solemn gloom and mystery which hung over the place, and have been filled only with the bliss which the soft expression of her sweet eyes and gentle face would have created, but now he was overwhelmed by the situation.

He knew that she slept, he knew that her state forbade her vision recognizing him, yet her eyes had rested upon his countenance, and she addressed him as though she knew of his presence and was in a condition to converse with him.

He was acquainted with the danger of arousing her from her state of somnolency, either by design or accident, and greatly as he wished that she should recognize and speak with him, he was compelled to forego that first and most anxious, as most natural wish—not only, indeed, forego it, but to sit movelessly, to suspend his breath, to do all he could to prevent her becoming conscious of his presence in the library, and equally of his contiguity.

This latter consideration indeed it was that made the situation trying to him, and he could in fact remain in a whirl of excitement, and under powerful self-control, silently gazing with immovable eyes on a face dearer to him than that of any other being in the world.

He observed the change her features had undergone, he noted the lines of care and grief which her sorrows had marked there, and he set his teeth hard together as a suspicion of the cause rushed through his brain.

Suddenly he perceived her features undergo a rapid alteration in their expression—horror and aversion took the place of tenderness and affection. She rose up abruptly, and muttered, indistinctly—

"He comes. He must not see me here. Oh, that I could die ere see that face again. Hush! it is Philip Avon's dark face. I must fly—I must fly—I must fly, or he will seize upon me and make me his—oh, horror! Oh, Heaven! save me—save me!"

These words were gibbered rather than spoken, still Erle caught them, and his brow darkened.

He uprose as she uprose, and followed her as she moved swiftly along the library until she reached the entrance, and passed out.

As she ascended a flight of stone steps which communicated with the old library, passed along several passages which were intersected by others, evidently instinctively following the correct route to her own chamber, he, fearing an accident might occur to her, kept her in sight until he came abruptly upon some person bearing a light advancing towards him.

A glance showed to him the face of Lady Kingswood, white as death, haggard, and full of alarm. He stopped suddenly, and remained immoveable.

Lady Maud kept on as rapidly as before, and on nearing Lady Kingswood, the latter stepped aside, suffered her to pass untouched, then turned and followed her into a chamber, the door of which she closed softly behind, and thus left Erle in utter darkness.

Lady Kingswood, it seemed plain, was acquainted with Lady Maud's somnambulistic failing, and having missed her from her chamber, had come thus far, he presumed, in search of her.

He remained without moving until the stillness which reigned supreme within the mansion assured him that the inmates were all buried in profound slumber, and then he turned to retrace his steps to the library.

In doing this he had to encounter difficulties upon which he had not calculated. In the excitement under which he labored while following the quick steps of Lady Maud, he had failed to observe the direction which the various windings and turnings took, and being in darkness, he could only grope his way.

He knew that he was then in the modern part of the structure, and he had a shrewd impression of the course it would be necessary to follow. He cared not if he could contrive to work his way to his old apartments; it would be easy to get to the library from thence. His danger, however, lay in mistaking his path, and in penetrating into some part where the servants were located, and where one less sleepy than the rest might hear his stealthy footsteps and give an alarm.

After much care, deliberation, and cautious movements, he found himself again on the old, time-worn flight of stone stairs, and he knew he had reached the ancient portion of Kingswood Hall.

As he remembered that he had ascended this flight while following Lady Maud, so he descended and proceeded until he paused before a door, through the crevices of which a faint glimmer of light was perceptible. He had left his own lamp burning in the library, and he concluded that he had now reached that place, and he passed through the old doorway, to find himself in the picture gallery, to which, on a former occasion, he had been conducted by Lady Kingswood.

A strange, unearthly light pervaded the gallery. There was certainly within it no artificial illumination from chandelier or lamp of any kind, yet the objects within it where distinctly visible. The ghostly figures in armor *cap-a-pie*, like spectre sentinels on guard, stood at measured intervals, and the portraits hanging against the wall in their sombre, carved, and massive frames, glared down upon him, white faced, as if angry at his intrusion upon their phantom-like domain.

Impressed with the same feeling of awe which spread itself over him on his first entry into the library that night, he stood and gazed on the scene before him for a minute or two without advancing. Then, as if impelled by some unseen power, whose influence he could not control, he strode down the centre of the gallery, every nerve thrilling, yet bearing himself instinctively with a proud, haughty, and even defiant mien.

His eyes wandered from face to face of the many panoplied warrior portraits hanging against the walls of the gallery, and a wild, ungovernable, busy fancy made it appear to him that there was life in their large, stern, staring eyes, but he did not betray by his manner that such an impression obtained with him; indeed, he felt though there was an awful degree of reality in the apparently silent movement of their grave orbs, that such a supposition was a mere delusion, and that he was bound to treat it as such.

He arrived at length opposite the place, where the portrait of the "bad Baron of Kingswood" had for a long, long period hung; there was but a space left for it now—a large, black, dismal looking blank.

A feeling of vexed disappointment passed over the mind of Erle, he scarcely knew why; it could be nothing, to him, he inwardly acknowledged, that it was not there, yet he was angered at its absence; it appeared like an indignity forced upon himself, an irrational emotion, certainly; but one, nevertheless, which stirred him strangely.

He remembered the circumstances which attended his former visit to this place with Lady Kingswood, and his eyes naturally reverted to the spot where he recollected the picture to have fallen, and there, in truth, it lay untouched, even on the very place where he had last seen it rest.

He advanced towards it. In the dim light he could perceive that one edge rested upon the polished floor, and one side leaned against the wall. The back of the picture was towards him, and an irrepressible desire to look once more upon the face of the swart warrior, whom, it had been said by Lady Kingswood, he so much resembled, took possession of him.

The picture was large and heavy, and it required his utmost strength to move it; but, obeying the strong impulse which had fastened on him, he applied all his powers, and succeeded in turning it with the face outwards, though, in accomplishing it, the massive weight overpowered him, and it fell back to the wall with a report which made the whole gallery reverberate with a thundering echo.

He started at the sound, and instinctively retreated into a deep shadow cast by a ponderous suit of mail.

Soon all was silent again, and he stole forth from his hiding-place and confronted the figure as it stood; now boldly in relief in the painting. Obscurity no longer rendered this remarkable portrait indistinct; on the contrary, as Erle gazed upon the face with deepening interest, it seemed each moment to grow brighter and brighter, until every feature was clearly and boldly defined.

The face was familiar to him, but not as reproducing his own; still it seemed to bear a remarkable resemblance to one with whom he was well acquainted. Then a sharp, burning, acute pain ran through his brain, for he recollected that the face he now gazed upon was startingly like that of Lord Kingswood.

Why should that resemblance affect him? It did, whatever the cause. His cheek burned, his ear tingled, and he groaned with pain, as one who feels himself about to suffocate.

It was not alone, however, that he was to be startled by the resemblance between the portrait and Lord Kingswood. While passionate and astonishing thoughts were rushing through his brain, it seemed to him as though the eyes and the face of this painted, bold, bad Baron of Kingswood became animated.

The eyes appeared to flutter and gleam, and then to become dead, again to flash forth as brilliantly as before, and the cheeks became of a warm, rose tint, and then changed to a ghastly blue. Although his heart died within him at this extraordinary appearance—illusion he felt it to be—his eyes were fastened by a horrible fascination on the ghastly face, with its varying hues. He tried to banish his fancies by a strong exercise of his will, but in spite of all his efforts, he felt convinced that the eyes *did* flutter, and the cheeks *did* change from a glowing blush to a pale and hideous blue.

Void of all superstitious fears as he was naturally, he yet had a horrifying impression that this figure which rivetted his eyes upon it so that he could not withdraw them if he would, in another moment would step forth from the frame and address him.

Brighter each moment gleamed the eyes and glowed the cheeks, and then again the aspect became fearfully livid. Unable to bear longer the excitement it occasioned him, he leaped back, and turned his eyes rapidly around him to endeavor to ascertain what caused not only the strange, unearthly light filling the usually sombre gallery, but the changing hues upon the face of the portrait.

His anxious, straining eyes perceived that, fronting the portrait was a high, lozenge-paned window, curiously-wrought in stained glass, representing some subject which Erle did not attempt or care to decipher; but he instantly, and no doubt correctly conjectured, that the bright beams of the moon, which he knew to be shining brilliantly, forcing their way through the many dyed panes, had now tinted the cheeks of the bad Baron of Kingswood with the hues of the rose, and anon with a ghastly blue.

Although he did not endeavor to follow out the subject which had been so cunningly executed in the colored panes, he saw plainly the figures 1535, in ruby letters upon a golden ground, for they stood out boldly and glittered brightly.

He remembered them as a date, but not the circumstances connected with it. While he tried to think it disappeared abruptly, and he found himself buried in darkness.

A heavy cloud had suddenly sailed across the moon and obscured its rays. At the same time a low, hoarse moan arose, the wind sighing through the forest trees mournfully, and rendered his situation in that impenetrable darkness the reverse of enviable. He could not repress a shudder, and inwardly resolved that the instant the moon became sufficiently unobscured to enable him to see his way out of the gallery, he would take advantage of it, and retreat without a moment's delay.

The moonlight came again with a sudden burst, and once more his eye turned, unable to resist the mysterious influence, towards the portrait. This time, however, his eyes were attracted by a small ebony box which lay near to where the picture stood. Instinctively Erle stepped forward and raised it. It was dusty, and seemed very ancient. It was heavy for its size, and felt strangely, painfully cold in his hands.

While examining it the moon again became abruptly obscured as before, and the gallery was filled with a pitchy darkness.

It was at this instant he heard the rustling of silk and the distinct patter of soft, light feet. They appeared to proceed from close to where the portrait of the baron was standing, to advance to him, to pass close—terrifyingly close to him—hurry onward down the gallery towards the entrance where the old stone staircase was situated, and then to cease, for he heard them no longer.

As these singular and alarming sounds ended, the moon shone out brightly again, and displayed to him the grim contents of the gallery, but no moving object, not even an apparition.

His mind was, however, fearfully highwrought, he could bear his situation not even for another instant, and he, too, hurried with swift foot down the gallery, even though he had the horrible consciousness passing through his brain with a ringing sound that he was following in the wake of the footsteps of the rustling dress, the sounds of which had sent the blood rushing back to his heart.

It mattered little to him; the horror of encountering a phantom could not, he believed, be greater than that he should feel if he remained longer in this dismal picture gallery.

He passed out on to the stone staircase. He remembered that the library was over the picture gallery, and that he would have to ascend. He did so, groping his way in blank, stifling darkness. The echo of his own footsteps, although he stepped cautiously and lightly, startled him, but he could not pause, even though the continued reverberation of his footsteps on the stair might occasion an alarm to be raised.

Suddenly he found, to his great relief, that he had reached the top of the flight, and that passages diverged thence right and left. As the staircase he had ascended was spiral, it was difficult to determine which path would probably prove the correct one; he, however, obeyed an instinct in selecting one, and in a few seconds passed through an opening, which enabled him to perceive that his instinct had served him faithfully, and that he was once again in the old library.

To be sure the change was not one that afforded a very favorable contrast; the solemn old chamber in which he now stood appeared even yet more gloomy, dark, and sepulchral than the picture-gallery. His lamp was yet burning, but its feebled rays served only to heighten the obscurity, and enabled him to perceive, at the further end of the gallery, a figure in white, with upraised hand, as if motioning him to advance.

For an instant, and but an instant, an impression seized him that the origin of that light footstep and the rustling silk he had heard in the darkened picture-gallery stood before him, and again the pulses of his heart were quickened, but he recovered himself immediately, recollecting that it was the statue of the Lady Maud.

So he passed down the library towards the desk where yet lay the book he had placed there—the book which the lips of Lady Maud had pressed, the book which he secretly resolved his lips should press, too, even on the very spot where hers for a moment had rested—the book which contained so much that had proved of importance to him; so much more, that he knew not of yet, more important still to him.

But ere he could reach it a blaze of moonlight filled the chamber, streaming through the brilliantly-stained panes, and throwing hues of violet and crimson, amethyst, amber, and purple upon the floor, and upon the walls, upon the figures of armed warriors, and upon the white statue of Lady Maud.

The brightness of the moonbeams, rendered infinitely more vivid by the previous darkness, rendered the hues which fell upon the marble statue more glowingly distinct in color than they appeared on any other object; at the same time they blended so softly together, intermingling, and forming such delicate and varied tints, that it seemed as though a rainbow had reflected its own exquisite gradations of color on this fair, white figure—yet white, although it had passed through centuries since it had left the hands of the sculptor.

It was strange, that, eager as he was to sit down where Lady Maud had placed herself by his side, he yet paused to gaze upon the statue of the Lady Maud. Amid all the excitement which her unexpected and startling presence in the library, and the subsequent events, had created in his mind, he yet had space for the belief that she knew of the words he had pencilled on the margin of the page of the old Saxon Chronicle, and that she had been favorably influenced by it, or she would not in her sleep-walkings, have come hither in search of it. Despite all that had happened, this impression raised a violent tumult in his breast, and made him yearn to ascertain whether, if she had read his sad, hopeless love revelation, she had appended any comment, even one single word. But, intense as his curiosity to satisfy himself concerning this was, he was yet controlled by some extraneous influence to stop before the statue of Lady Maud; to watch the sweet, sorrowful features; watch their seeming mutations under the reflection of the changing hues of the rich dyes of the painted windows; and then to bend his gaze upon the pedestal, and read there, upon the carved tablet, "THE UNAVENGED, 1555."

The date disturbed him; it was the same as that which had appeared so sharply defined upon the amberstained panes in the picture gallery. He mechanically turned his eyes, it was the same as now caught his sight, in glided letters, carved upon a high, massive, antique chest of black oak, elaborately carved, banded, and ornamented with steel studs.

"Surely," he muttered, as a strange sensation passed over him, "these coincidences cannot be all accidents. If I am of the Kingswoods—I feel that I am—these signs, these symbols, these unearthly, suggestive appearances relate to me; they call upon me to examine and to act. There is a doom upon the House—that I know. It may be that I am he destined to lift it from the race. I enter into contact with it under conditions so strange, that it would seem as if I had by fate been marked out to fulfil some traditional position, perform some prescribed deeds, by which the ban shall be removed, and I prove to be, even as the ruffian in the forest ever addresses me, 'THE HEIR OF THE RACE!'"

As these words left his lips, swift flying masses of cloud obscured instantaneously the light of the moon. There arose a mighty roar in the forest, as of a hurricane rushing through the branches of the bending trees, rending, crashing everything which tended to arrest its tempestuous path.

A furious, howling gust at the same time passed from the old chamber in which he had been first located on his arrival at Kingswood, tore through the passages leading to the library, closing each door which he had left open with a report like the falling of a thunderbolt, clattered violently among the suits of armor hanging against the wall, whirled his lamp from the desk upon which it stood, hurled it upon the floor, extinguishing it, went roaring through the passages and corridors, waking domestics, who muttered their prayers and buried their faces affrightedly beneath the bed clothes, and leaving, ere it subsided, Erle stretched, overpowered by what he had undergone, motionless and unconscious at the foot of the pedestal which held the statue of "LADY MAUD, THE UNAVENGED."

CHAPTER I.

All that night, from the instant that howling blast swept through the old library and extinguished the lamp Erle had brought with him thither, the storm raged furiously, madly. The wind groaned, whistled, shrieked, as it rushed through the yielding branches and young leaves of the innumerable trees in the park and forest. Torrents of hail and rain pattered against the windows, and occasionally a broad sheet of lightning-flame illuminated every room in the household, the swift-following, crashing, thunder shaking them with its reverberations.

Few lay in Kingswood Hall that night who did not cower in their beds and pray for the dawn.

The scene within the library was a strange one, though it was unseen by mortal eye.

Amid the wild turmoil of the elements, even as the lurid flashes of lightning filled the spacious chamber with a sickly glare, Erle rose slowly from the spot where he had fallen, and stood for a moment erect and immoveable, and then he moved slowly onward, as though following one who in silence beckoned him.

He still grasped the small black ebony box which he had found in the library, and now seemed to hug it closely, as if in fear that some unseen being would strive to wrest it from him.

He paused before the high, antique, massive chest, still appearing to gaze upon one who, judging by the aspect of his features, inspired him with a species of horrified awe.

Suddenly he fumbled with his fingers at the ebony box, and his lips moved, and then he knelt slowly and reverentially down, bowing his head low. Anon, it rose, as if triumphantly, and a low, wild laugh burst from his lips. His fingers pressed a spring at the bottom of the ebony box, and the lid flew open. From within he drew forth a key, and this key he applied to a small hole in one of the steel studs with which the chest was adorned, and turned it. There immediately followed a sound as of the running down of a wheel, which was ultimately stopped by a loud and sharp click. Then he laid the small ebony box upon the floor and rose to his feet; he applied both hands to the lid and raised it.

He looked within, and uttered a wild scream. The lid fell from his hands with a crash, and once more he sank prostrate upon the floor without betraying a sign of life.

The storm raged on, the wind groaned and howled, the lightning flashed, and the thunder shook the building, but Erle remained motionless at the side of the old black chest.

With the dawn the wind went down, the sky cleared, the morning sun poured its bright beams through the stained window-panes, the birds sang on the dripping, glittering boughs and sprays, but Erle, pale and motionless, still lay where he had fallen in the library.

It was not until the sun had been up two hours that a convulsive sob burst from his lips, and he moved his limbs and body writhingly, as if in pain or in the throes of a horrible dream. Then he partly raised himself up, pressed his hands over his eyes, and presently withdrew them, only to replace them. At last he slowly took them away and gazed with half-closed eyes, shaded by his hand, around the library.

He sprang to his feet.

"Almighty Heaven!" he ejaculated, in a tone of deep emotion, "it was no dream."

A violent shudder went through his whole frame.

Then he clenched his hands, and tossed his head proudly up.

"Let me think," he said, with a deep breath. "It is not for me to give way to idle fancies or weak superstitions. Still, I am here," he added, as he looked with dilated eyes and half-parted lips around him. He started, caught sight of the box upon the floor, and the tall, grim chest before him.

"This is too horrible!" he ejaculated, and pressed his hands over his eyes.

It was evident that he was terribly and painfully excited as it was that he strove to wrestle with the horror which seemed to convulse and then to paralyze him.

At length he dashed his hands away.

"It is my task—my destiny," he exclaimed. "I cannot evade it: let me go through with it manfully at least."

He stooped and raised the box from the floor and looked within it. He withdrew from it a roll of vellum, apparently a deed or manuscript.

"I discovered this last night, in the picture-gallery," he murmured, "and, and—"

He placed his hand upon his brow, as if to assist his thoughts.

He gazed upon the chest, and a sudden spasm again convulsed him.

"I remember all," he muttered, in a low whisper; "but I cannot look within there now. Another time, another time," he muttered.

He returned the roll of vellum to the box, and, as if quite conscious what to look for, and where to find it, he stretched forth his hand and laid it upon the key, which yet remained where he had left it in the small fissure in the steel stud on the massive oaken chest, and withdrawing it, placed it in the small ebony box, the lid of which he closed.

"I feel too weak, too ill, to proceed with this mysterious matter. I will come again," he murmured.

At this moment his eye lighted upon the old Saxon volume laying open on the Gothic reading desk.

Seized by a sudden memory, he hastened towards it, and seated himself before it.

Upon the margin still remained his own pencilling.

But beneath his writing were other words, written in small, fair, delicate, beautifully-shaped characters.

Those words were in Lady Maud's handwriting. He would have staked his soul upon that.

His heart beat violently, his throat swelled as if it would suffocate him, and a sudden rush of moisture into his eyes prevented his deciphering the words.

He pressed his clenched hand upon his breast, and he dashed the glittering drops from his eyes. He turned to the words, and then read them down, panting, gasping, until he reached those words—

"THOU, my love! my heart acknowledges no other lord but thou!"

Then the bright, burning water filled up his vision so that he could no longer see the book. And then he bowed his head, and wept like—a boy—as he was.

Oh, as the hot, hot tears coursed each other down his cheek, what passionate joy filled his heart. What wild, impetuous thoughts filled his brain.

Maud, the beautiful Maud—the high and noble Maud—the fairest prize creation had to offer him, loved him!

What destiny feared he to face now? what danger could daunt him? what trials kept him back from claiming that inestimable prize already as it were won?

He took out his tablets to take down those words. Not but what they were engraved upon his heart, but then it would be a pleasure so delicious to let his eyes wander in rapture over them.

But only upon his knees would he transcribe them; so he laid the book upon the velvet-cushioned seat, and he drew from his breast, nearest to his heart, a small silken bag, from which he brought forth a glove and a withered flower. He kissed them both tenderly, and then he kissed those words written, as it seemed, with a fairy hand upon the time discolored margin of the old book.

And with quivering eye-lids and trembling fingers, he penned the words upon his tablets—and he drew a bold, nervous line beneath that last overpowering sentence; and then, when he had finished every letter, he pressed his lips to them, and placed them safely in his breast; then a thousand times he kissed that sweet shaped, small white glove, and the flower too, and reluctantly restored them to the silk bag, which he replaced next to his heart, and pressed them with both hands, sighing—

"Oh, dearest Maud, if you could but fathom my heart, to find how deeply, dearly I love you!"

And, as his lips repeated these words, his eyes encountered the pale face of Lady Maud turned to him, bending over him, indeed, with an expression half of fright, half of intense amazement, vividly depicted upon it.

In a moment, with a cry upon his lips, he uprose; intuitively he stretched out his arms to her. With a low moan, of joy it might have been, but it was so faint it was scarcely possible to tell what emotion it represented, she sank as intuitively into his outspread arms.

He pressed her to his heart. He tried to speak, but his lips trembled so, and his heart seemed to rise so high in his breast, that he could not utter a word. And if he could it would have been unto a dull ear; for her pale face, which rested upon his shoulder, and her closed eyes and half-parted lips, told him that she had sunk into a swoon. So he let her rest there, like a child in a slumber, upon his breast, his heart beating proudly as her slight and graceful form rested against it. He knew she would soon revive, and he longed for her to open those soft, yet lustrous orbs, that they might shine again upon him.

And she looked so wan and sorrowful as she lay there, and he saw what a change mental anguish had wrought; and it occurred to him that persecution might have produced it; and his brow lowered, and he bit his lip.

"He who pains or wrongs thee, dearest," he murmured, "will have to answer to me now."

He perused her lineaments again and again—the eye was sunken, and beneath it the tint was a pale gray; the lips were pale; there was no color on the cheek, and the blue veins could be easily traced beneath her exquisitely transparent skin.

A deep and settled melancholy was impressed upon her features, and his heart smote him as he thought how much of suffering she might have been compelled to endure from the results of his meeting with Philip Avon.

Unconsciously his eye wandered to the face of the statue of Lady Maud. A golden sunbeam forced its way through a lozenged pane of rose-bloom, and tinted her face with the hue of life.

It seemed to him that a refulgent smile of happiness lit up that strange, weird face, and his nerves thrilled as the fancy crossed him.

He turned away his eyes, and bent his gaze on the living Lady Maud. He saw that her lips were moving and her eyelids fluttering; and by the movements of her limbs he knew that animation was returning.

He awaited, with the most intense anxiety, not alone the opening of her eyes, but the recovery of her consciousness; the full comprehension that she was then in the old library with him, encircled by his arms—the arms of him she had confessed to be her heart's lord.

Her eyelids were lifted gently up, and her eyes, like stars, peered forth, resting upon his earnest face. She smiled a soft, dreamy smile, like one who, in a gentle slumber, has a happy vision; but suddenly she became sensible that she was not the heroine of a dream, but of a reality.

She started—withdrew herself from his embrace—looked hastily about her—realized at once her position, and with a shrinking, cowering aspect of terror, turned, and would have fled, but that he stopped her.

"Dear Lady Maud," he said, in a low, rich tone, replete with emotion, "one word with me, I implore you! We have both been subject to strange and mysterious events; we may continue yet to be. We are alone together by an accident in this ancient, ghostly chamber; but though we both have taken part in strange, inexplicable dreams, the present moment is not one of illusion. It is a reality which, for me, whate'er my future fate, may be one of extremest happiness or bitterest sorrow. Oh, Lady Maud, answer me, I beseech you—you acknowledge my actual presence and your own here to be no dream?"

She bent her head, and said, in a low, faint voice—

"I do."

"See," he said, in trembling tones, "yon volume, sacred now to me beyond all others save one. You have not, will not, cannot forget that sweet story we together read and so spontaneously interpreted. Your dear eyes have fallen upon words written by me upon the margin of that page—the outpourings of a bursting heart; but, Lady Maud, a true, faithful, loyal heart, one which, having made its election, will never swerve from it; one which time nor circumstances can ever induce to change; one which, having found its ideal, can never be moved to lessen or divert its adoration of that one beloved object. And beneath those words were others, traced in a small, fair, delicate hand, words reproduced on my soul in characters of holy fire; words there engraven to be obliterated by the hand of death alone, and those words, Lady Maud—oh, how my heart leaped as my humid eyes perused them—those words, Lady Maud—I pray you to plead with yourself for me, if I overstep the boundary which you may think should divide us—those words, do you acknowledge them to me here, as we stand in the presence of Heaven only?"

And she bent her head lower still as she faltered out—

"I do."

"Then," he exclaimed, in tones of proud triumph, "do I defy the frowns of fate and fortune!"

Then raising Lady Maud's unresisting hand to his lips, he kissed it fervently, and removing it he placed it upon his heart, pressing it there with passionate ardor.

"Oh, Lady Maud," he continued, betraying how deeply he was moved, "if there were not a thousand other qualities which would compel me to love you as dearly as I do, your ingenuous truthfulness would win me even to reverence you. I have not to learn by what trials you are surrounded, to what desperate persecution you are subjected, or that you possess the knowledge that a wide gulf yet divides us. It would have been a task easy to some to have repelled my love—perhaps with kind but cold words, to have succumbed to the ordeal imposed upon them, and withdrawing from all possibility of future contact; to have remembered, perhaps with a sigh, or to have forgotten altogether. You, preferring truth before all things, have to me made a confession, not alone dearer to me than all beyond the world may have to bestow, but one which calls upon me to prove how dear it is to my heart by actions which shall entitle me to be considered by you in some degree worthy of it. I loved you, Lady Maud, from the first instant that my eyes lighted upon your sweet face, expressing its amazement, turned towards me in blushing questioning. I know that now. I have learned from your own lips that my love—oh, beneficent Heaven!—is reciprocated. Loving and loved—what now befits it me to do? Why, Maud, my own, dearest, best beloved Maud, from this moment my devoted, joyous task will be to cut my way through all adverse circumstances, all obstacles which now, like prickly briars, or rank, entangled thorns and weeds, stand impedingly between us.—Heaven, so far propitious, will yet befriend me. Years of gloom and isolation have been followed by a break in the gloomy pall of fate spread over me, and now, between a wide rent, the sunshine of your love, falls a golden radiance upon me. I will confront, with a firm, reliant heart, all that faces me to oppose me, and will not rest, sweet Lady Maud, until, indeed, by fact as well as by sentiment, you are mine, mine alone—mine forever—Maud, forever—forever!"

She upraised her weeping eyes to him. She withdrew her hand from his, and pressed her own together.

"It cannot be," she murmured.

He gazed at her wan and sorrowful face. He thought he knew to what she alluded. He raised his right hand to Heaven.

"That decision rests there?" he exclaimed.

She wrung her hands, but could not speak.

"I entreat you, dear Lady Maud, to be calm, and to be hopeful," he said, tenderly. "I well know—who so well?—that a shadow rests upon us, that, for a time, our loves must be confined within the secret and sacred recesses of our own hearts—that we must be silent and patient, resigned to what is imperative; but we must be hopeful, too! I see that there are briars and stakes and barriers in my path—what then? I see the shining Paradise beyond it; there in that land of joy, of felicitous serenity, stand you with outstretched arms, awaiting my coming. What are these things that can keep me back? What trammels, what shackles shall keep me back? There are no bonds I will not burst, no bars I will not break, no obstacles I will not overleap. With Maud in my eyes, Maud on my lips, Maud in my heart, what impediment can arrest my continuous progress to that goal where you—you, oh, beloved Lady Maud!—will be the reward of my never-ceasing, never-flagging, ever-striving efforts."

She turned to him, still with clasped hands.

"Oh! Erle," she exclaimed, "there is one impediment, there is one fatal barrier, which even you cannot surmount."

"Name it," he exclaimed, impetuously. "It cannot, it shall not be that Philip Avon—how my tongue blisters at the word—has obtained the consent of Lord Kingswood to persecute you with his addresses."

"It is not that," she returned, in a low, faint voice, "Philip Avon does persecute me still with his terrible suit, and I pray to Heaven that I may not, as I have a horrible foreboding will be the case, be dragged by him to the altar."

"You shall not, I swear!" he interposed, passionately. "Not though my hand hurled him into the jaws of death at the foot of that very altar."

"In mercy's name, speak not such language," she cried, with some excitement; "already cruel statements have been made that your hand—"

"Encountered his in fair combat, Maud, oh, believe me," he interrupted, energetically. "I might, I could have slvain him with my sword. I spared him, for which he taunted, reviled me. Then, as Heaven hears me, he himself—with scoffs upon my courage—proposed what followed. One of two pistols loaded, he had the choice, and committed an error in selection which spared me to stand before you now. He deliberately aimed at my heart, to shoot me down like a dog; but the bullet was not moulded to grant him a success so vile. In my turn, with his life in the tube I directed—I contented myself with shattering his arm. I would not even have done this, but that I deemed it necessary to warn him how he crossed my path. But why justify myself in your eyes? You never believed the calumnies uttered against me?"

"Never," she replied, with earnestness. "I read your nature too truly to believe you guilty of one unworthy act. No, Erle, I fancied that I had the path open to me to resign my fortune, my title, my claim to what I now am—oh, most miserable in being so—and cast my lot with yours, be it in—pardon me, Erle, if my words may wound your pride; I, in truth, mean not to do so—be it in poverty or trial. Change of position, sorrows, troubles, struggles, I could have endured if shared with you. I was—I am prepared to face all such trials, but not what would await me if I gave my hand with my heart—I could not separate them, Erle—to you."

"What is the obstacle to which you allude?" he asked, with wonder developed in his features.

"Perhaps you are not aware that I am descended from a collateral branch of the Kingswoods?" she returned.

"I am," he answered.

"Are you also acquainted with the fact that a doom rests upon this unhappy house," she continued.

"I am," he replied, with something of a grave, proud air.

"Then know you not that he who marries a Kingswood would bring to his bosom a curse? Know you not that those whom one of our race loves and weds perisheth in some terrible way? Alas! alas! my mother was a Kingswood, and did not she drag with her down to her tomb he who loved and united his fate to hers?"

Erle took her cold hands in his, and regarded her earnestly, as he said, solemnly—

"Maud, I love you truly and devotedly; a love so loyal and earnest that I would readily purchase it with my life if I could but wear you as I have won you for a period however brief. But let that pass. There is a doom upon the House of Kingswood. Look on me!—am I not a Kingswood too?"

She looked up in his face; her own became whiter than death itself. An expression of amazement and terror overspread her features. She tottered and seemed as though she would have fallen, but Erle caught her, twined his arms round her, and said, in low, emphatic tones in her ear—

"Maud, in life or death you are mine! I despise and scorn all considerations of self in this matter. I love you, and will make you mine, whate'er the doom you forebode. But, Maud, as I stand in this old hall, facing the marble representation of her who is said to have brought down the doom upon the house—as I have some strange conviction that her spirit from the land of shadows—though we see her not—stands beside us to hear me, to watch me, to test the truth of my love to you. So I—feeling that I am a Kingswood, aye, Maud, *the heir of the race!*—vow to you now that I will never falter in my exertions to win you; nay, if it be within my power, to avenge her yet unatoned wrongs, and so remove from the House of Kingswood the doom which so long has clung like a fiery curse to the members of the race."

He paused.

For at this instant a low, sweet melody from some unseen instrument, like the natural combinations formed by a soft wind through an Æolian harp, pervaded the room.

As the sounds died away, there was audibly the beat of a soft footstep as if receding from them, and the rustling of silk.

With a terrified shudder, Maud clung closely to Erle. At the same moment a voice at the farther end of the library, but without the door, called—

"Maud, dearest Maud."

"It is Lady Kingswood's voice," murmured Lady Maud.

Erle twined his arms closer about her slight frame, and imprinted a passionate kiss upon her cold, marble-white forehead.

She withdrew herself from his embrace. She looked in his eyes with a loving expression.

"We shall meet again," she murmured, and then turning, fled down the library, passed out of the door like a phantom, and left him once more alone. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ The next call is also on a new comer; but the clean, cozy room, with its cleanly swept hearth and warm, bright fire, raise my drooping spirits at once. The plain but neat looking woman stitching away in her low rocking-chair, the books on the shelves, the papers on the table, (not trashy ones, but a few such as the Philadelphia SATURDAY EVENING POST and our own county paper,) and the nice kerosene, all encourage me to state my errand. "Yes," she will be "very glad to take it;" and the money is forthcoming from a neat little crotchet purse, (a Lady's Book pattern.) She says she "used to take it," when she lived "outside," which means out in the world, within the bounds of civilization. I proceed, with a lightened heart and a heavier purse.—*Godey's Lady's Book.*

☞ The Mongolian's eyes are obliquely set, so as entirely to conceal the lachrymal gland. Some suppose this is designed to protect the eye from the winds of the table-lands of Asia. I am disposed to consider it one of the many harmonies of nature. An unfeeling race has no use for tears, and nature never wastes her resources. Straight eyes among the Mongolians are a sure sign of mixed blood: and it is a curious fact that all the men of influence in China exhibit this peculiarity. —*Bayard Taylor.*

☞ An engineer, engaged in sinking artesian wells in the deserts of Sahara, writes most favorable and encouraging accounts of the success that has attended his labors. Near Tuggart, he sank two wells; one in twelve days, which now yields 600 gallons of water per minute; its depth is 183 feet; the other well was sunk in six days, and yields nearly as much water as the first. A third well had, at the date of the communication, proved no less successful.

☞ On one of the ferry-boats that ply between Newport and Cincinnati are two Irish laborers. One of them, Pat, is humpbacked. The other day Mickey, after eyeing Pat's deformity a while, said, "Pat, if yer head wur turned round the other way, begorra an' what a fine full chest ye'd have!"

☞ Furon, a French physiologist, says that the animals feel, know and think; but man is the only created being who possesses the power of feeling that he feels, of knowing that he knows, or thinking that he thinks.

☞ THE MAUVE DYE.—In the course of a lecture at the Crystal Palace Dr. Lankester said, speaking of the mauve dye, that it was owing to the perseverance of a young man in humble position that they had this choice color. That young man commenced and persevered in his study under every disadvantage, till, by continued application, he obtained a mastery over the elements with which he dealt. He then took a specimen of his dye to a Glasgow merchant, and obtained, as a reward for his perseverance, £20,000.

☞ A letter from Berlin states, that at the instigation of the Grand Duchess Dowager of Mecklenburg Strelitz, the Princesses of Germany have decided on offering to the Queen of Naples a crown of laurel in gold. Each princess will furnish one leaf, on which her name will be inscribed.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1861.

TERMS, &c.

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

REMITTANCES.

For the information of our friends, we may state that bills on all solvent banks in the United States and Canada are taken at par on subscription to THE POST, but we *prefer* Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Delaware or New England money. Gold (well secured in the letter) and postage stamps are always acceptable. For all amounts over $5 we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities (less exchange) *payable to our order.*

If our friends throughout the country will comply with these suggestions so far as convenient, the favor will be appreciated.

OUR CITY SUBSCRIBERS.—*Our city subscribers would oblige us by either calling at the office and settling their accounts, or else sending the money by the post. The per centage that we have to pay collectors for collecting such small accounts, is a heavy tax upon us, and one which we hope our city subscribers will, as far as possible, save us.*

MORAL DISCIPLINE.

Those who read the excellent articles we are now publishing, by Herbert Spencer, will be particularly interested by what he says on the "method of nature" in the matter of moral discipline—a subject of great anxiety to conscientious parents, and the most difficult perhaps in practice. It will be seen that there is nothing strictly new in the theory, as an approximation to the method of nature has always been the practice of sensible educators; but it is well to have the best advice that can be given, distinctly and earnestly stated. Nothing like a panacea, to be used indifferently by wise and foolish, is of course possible. After all that can be done in the way of general rules, their practical application must remain an individual matter between parent and child; because of the infinite diversity of character requiring an infinite diversity of treatment.

In certain cases, we do not see anything better than the rule our author lays down, but a little consideration suggests a host of modifications and objections. This "method of nature" can only be practised when its effects are visible, and remediable too, within a reasonable time. The natural results of misconduct in most cases damage mind or body beyond repair. A child chooses to sit in a crooked position; before the natural punishment for this is at all felt, the mischief is fixed for life. An idle, self-indulgent childhood is properly punished by an ignorant, undisciplined maturity; wilfulness in all its manifold shapes, is a present pleasure—its evil effects are generally too remote to be depended upon as a correction. So far as this life is concerned, those saddest words—"Too late!" are generally written upon the method of nature.

In many cases, however—Mr. Spencer alludes to some of them—the plan he suggests can well be adopted; and in all cases where it will do to let it work, it is undoubtedly the best. We cannot, however, allow children to set themselves or the house on fire, in order to prove to them the folly and danger of so doing.

In fact, as we have already said, the mode of moral discipline is susceptible of a great many variations. The plan that one parent can adopt, another cannot adopt, owing to deficient moral and intellectual power. And, similarly, the plan that will work successfully with one child, will not work with another. This remains true, even after we grant fully that physical correction, and passionate violence of language, are far too often resorted to by parents and teachers. We grant all this—and yet doubt that certain obstinate cases would not puzzle in practice the strongest advocate of merely moral and natural influences.

So far as the "method of nature" is concerned, it may often be indirectly used intellectually, where we could not allow it to be used practically. For instance, a child is playing with the flame of a candle. The parent may either say, "don't do that," and there stop, or he may join with the command a calm, though earnest explanation of the danger of so doing. If he can add to his explanation the relation of some fact, or the reading of some little story, showing in detail what consequences often follow the playing with fire, his prohibition will take a much firmer hold upon the child's mind, than if unaccompanied by any such explanation, and seeming perhaps a mere exercise of despotic authority. Now this mode, it will be noticed, is in one sense a pursuance of the method of nature—because it enables the child to realize intellectually what it would not do to allow him to realize experimentally.

THE IRON-CASED SHIPS.

The late news from France would seem to indicate that the building of iron-cased vessels was not to be persevered in. A London contemporary says:—

> A great improvement in marine artillery is reported to have been made by Colonel Treuil de Beaulieu, which has completely levelled all the difficulties with regard to the iron-cased vessels coming into use. Experiments of Colonel Treuil's suggestion have been made by the permanent commission of artillery of Gavre, and the success is decided. The Paixhans cannon, hitherto employed with such certainty of destruction against the wooden sides of the men-of-war, are found to be useless against the steel-clad ribs of the new pets of the French navy. A new projectile had become indispensable—one of far greater weight and swiftness than any hitherto in use. These qualities could not be secured without a tremendous charge of powder, which ran the risk of bursting the iron guns employed in the navy. Colonel de Treuil, instead of seeking to invent, has merely endeavored to remember, and has brought to light once more the old bombard employed in the fourteenth century, and has rendered the cast-iron proof against explosion by binding the guns with hoops of steel. Thus the French navy possesses its inexplosible rifled cannon as well as the army, and its projectiles are enabled to penetrate with the greatest facility the iron plates of ten and twelve millimetres' thickness, with which such vessels as La Gloire and the Warrior are encased.

The new gun that our own government is now experimenting with at Norfolk,—a Columbiad with a diameter of fifteen inches, the usual size being ten and twelve inches—it is believed would also make rapid work with the iron-cased vessels of France and England. Our improvement is not, however, as with the French, a resort to the old plan of binding the guns with hoops of steel. The new gun, if we are correctly informed, is cast hollow, and cooled equally by the passage of a current of water through the bore. If this new Columbiad possesses the power imputed to it, we may find in its success the reason for the omission of any allusion to the iron-cased vessels in the report of the Secretary of the Navy—which omission has been so much commented upon, at home and abroad. We should be glad to believe that there was a better reason for silence upon the subject, than that neglect or ignorance of duty which we have so much cause always to expect at the hands of our "public functionaries," both old and young.

PATENTS FOR NEW FASHIONS.

A correspondent, "E. D. R.," calls our attention to one of the sections of the new act relative to Patents, as being of peculiar interest to the female portion of the community. It is the following:—

> SECTION 11. *And be it further enacted*, That any citizen or citizens, or alien or aliens, having resided one year in the United States and taken the oath of his or their intention to become a citizen or citizens, who by his, her, or their own industry, genius, efforts, and expense, may have invented or produced any new and original design for a manufacture, whether of metal or other material or materials, and original design for a bust, statue, or bas relief, or composition in alto or basso relievo, or any new and original impression or ornament, (or) to be placed on any article of manufacture, the same being formed in marble or other material, *or any new and useful pattern*, or print, or picture, *to be either worked into or worked on*, or printed, or painted, or cast, *or otherwise fixed on any article of manufacture, or any new and original shape or configuration of any article of manufacture, not known or used by others before his, her, or their invention or production thereof*, and prior to the time of his, her, or their application for a patent therefor, and who shall desire to obtain an exclusive property or right therein to make, use, (and sell) and vend the same, or copies of the same, to others, by them to be made, used, and sold, may make application in writing, to the Commissioner of Patents, expressing such desire; and the Commissioner, on due proceedings had, may grant a patent therefor, as in the case now of application for a patent, for the term of three and one-half years, or for the term of seven years, or for the term of fourteen years, as the said applicant may elect in his application: *Provided*, That the fee to be paid in such application shall be, for the term of, three years and six months, ten dollars; for seven years, fifteen dollars; and for fourteen years, thirty dollars: *And provided*, That the patentees of designs under this Act shall be entitled to the extension of their respective patents, for the term of seven years from the day on which said patents shall expire, upon the same terms and restrictions as are now provided for the extension of letters patent.

According to the above, as our correspondent rightly infers, a patent for any new article of dress, drapery, or ornament, may be obtained at a cost of ten dollars for three and a-half years—about as long as any such new article would probably be in the fashion. Milliners and mantuamakers, who may have superior taste, and who may design a new style of bonnet or dress, may now take out a patent for said styles, and thus prevent others from copying without remuneration what has cost them labor and expense to originate. How far the classes in question will be able to avail themselves of this legal protection in practice, must be left for the future to determine; but it is well that they should know what their rights are under the law.

A PRESCRIPTION.

In an English periodical, a correspondent gives a parting prescription of the famous Sir Astley Cooper—for which Sir Astley charged him as a "parting fee," two guineas, or ten dollars. The writer says:—

> A young fellow, just come from Paris, is never flush of cash. I was not, but I had the "de quoi," and doing as I was bid, I handed him out two sovereigns of the few in my pocket. He received them with a sweet smile, shook me most cordially by the hand, and, as I descended the steps, he entered his chariot and drove away. I never saw him again.
>
> It may be supposed that I was curious to read the valuable directions which Sir Astley Cooper thus kindly volunteered to bestow on me at the moderate cost of two sovereigns. I read them as I walked up the square. I kept them long. I have lost them; but I ought to have placed them in a glazed frame, for an abiding record of a joke too good to be lost. On the faith of a gentleman, they consisted simply in desiring me to "*eat* BROWN *bread and butter with* SHRIMPS *for luncheon* (brown strongly emphasised), *with a glass of port wine, and to pay attention to the state of the kitchen chimney!*"

Sir Astley had previously said to him:—

> "You are surprised to find me prescribing for you as a physician, as much as treating your arm as a surgeon; the fact is, a large proportion of surgical cases which come to us take their aggravated form from want of care and attention to the state of the digestive organs. You tell me you are a reading man. Young people, and old, too, whose engagements lie in the upper story of the house, disdain to look after *the state of the kitchen chimney;* and yet they are foolish—all goes wrong if anything is amiss there. Your accident would not have been worth notice if your whole system had not been in a heated, disordered state, from long fasts and other neglects connected with your digestive functions, and I am dealing with these as well as the injured joint itself. All will be right soon; but while you live, attend to the state of the kitchen chimney."

We may add that the usual English fee to physicians and surgeons, seems to be—judging by what we often see in English stories—a guinea. We wonder how our English cousins can afford to be sick at all at such a price. Probably they do not call in the doctor for every slight ailment, as too many do in this country; or it may be that it is only in London, among the famous "medicine men," that such an extravagant rate of charges prevails.

> FEES.—Few things interest our readers more directly than fees, and we are certain all will hear with pleasure that a well-known practitioner at the West-end has recently received the very handsome fee of £5,000. A well-known civil engineer, lately deceased, left £1,000 by his will to his medical man, and the widow of the engineer, so far from thinking the legacy excessive, added £4,000 to the sum bequeathed by the deceased, and recently presented the fortunate doctor with this very pretty addition to the credit side of his banking account. Doctors differ upon very many subjects, but we suspect most will agree in the opinion that the engineer was a very good man, and his widow a particularly estimable woman, whose example cannot be too soon or too widely followed.

The perfect simplicity and frankness of the above statement, which we find in a London contemporary, is certainly rather amusing. An engineer is taken sick, and dies—not recovers. Whereupon, in addition to the $5,000 left him by the deceased in his will—the disconsolate widow gives him some $20,000. Supposing the husband had *lived*—would the eminent practitioner have received that extra $20,000, or not?

FOREIGN WAR STEAMERS.—The Paris correspondent of the *New York Times*—a paper given rather too much to "sensation" articles, to be considered very reliable authority—states that England and France are now fitting out at least six war steamers, to act in conjunction on the coast of the United States.

We see nothing very improbable in this story, as it is customary to send armed vessels to the scene of apprehended hostilities, in order to protect the rights of neutral powers. If the United States Government, however, still retains a particle of its ancient spirit, and is not yet fully prepared to don the non-resistant garb of the Society of Friends, we trust that it will inquire at once into the truth of the rumor in question.

☞ We see "Florence Percy's" poem, "Rock Me to Sleep," in the *Sidney* (*Ohio*) *Journal*, credited as follows:—

> The subjoined poem—written *by a "jour" printer named Lawrence*—is one of the most beautiful of its kind we have ever seen. We do not envy the heart which does not thrill to its wild and tender music.

Whether "Florence Percy" among her accomplishments numbers that of "printer," we are unable to say—but certainly no Mr. Lawrence ever wrote the poem in question.

IS IT FAIR?—We see that E. D. Long & Co., of New York, have published a volume under the name of "The Wonder of Kingswood Chace." It contains Pierce Egan's story up to chapter 28th, inclusive, and then the words, "The End,"—as if the volume contained the whole story. This proceeding is not exactly what, in Philadelphia, we consider the fair thing; neither should we think that any publisher would profit by it in the long run.

☞ It is related of Mr. Lincoln, that one day last week a gentleman presented himself with the following introduction:—"Mr. Lincoln, I have but a single recommendation to your favor, sir. I am a republican, *and I do not want an office!*" Abraham raised himself to his full height, put on a facetious look, held out his long arms, saying, with emphasis: "God bless you, sir! You are a refreshing sight. You are good for sore eyes. Let me give you a word of warning—*take care lest Barnum catch you!*"

☞ She who loves show, is unqualified to show love.

☞ A distinguished clergyman being requested to open the services with prayer, but not having been invited to preach, declined, saying, that "as his friend was going to do the mowing, he might wet his own scythe."

LETTER FROM PARIS.

A SOUVENIR.

PARIS, *March 22d*, 1861.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—

An abundant harvest of pleasant anecdotes of Queen Victoria might be gathered in the neighborhood of the accustomed residences and favorite haunts of the English Sovereign. When the Royal Family are at Osborne, the Queen's "Marine Palace" on the northern shore of the Isle of Wight, they drive and walk all over that loveliest of little islands, without the slightest attempt at state or retinue. They are all stout walkers, good riders, and drive with perfect ease and skill. The Queen, being short, never looks so well as on horseback, with the dark green habit, black hat, and white plume so well-known to her lieges, and the broad, blue ribbon of the Garter crossed over her bosom. In her younger days she rode continually; now she seems to prefer driving about in the beautiful little pony-chaises in which she takes such frequent-airings, with one of her daughters, or one of her ladies, seated beside her. In these low and elegant little vehicles, drawn by a couple of beautiful ponies, her Majesty drives about the Park at Windsor, or explores the varied beauties of the Isle of Wight, with the utmost freedom and apparent enjoyment. At Balmoral, nothing but the stout Highland ponies are available, there not being a square yard of level ground for miles on either side of the romantic retreat where the Royal Family enjoy themselves so thoroughly every autumn among the magnificent hills and silvery streams of the region. Certainly one of the most enviable privileges of a position so exalted as that of the Queen and her family is the facility with which they can change their place of abode, now enjoying the stately magnificence of Windsor, with its noble woods, its glorious park, diversified scenery, and pure air; now off to the Highlands for climbing, fishing, sketching, deer-stalking, and dancing of Highland reels; and now to the breezy commons, the delicious air and exquisite landscapes of the gem of an island whose beauty, of sea, of rounded hill-tops, of wooded valleys, and flowery villages, none who have seen it can ever forget. No wonder Tennyson's writings are so full of lovely natural imagery; of the music of winds and waves, the grace of hillsides and curving bays, the beauty of skies and stars, of sunshine and moonlight, and wreaths of mist, of the hues and perfumes of flowers, and all the suggestive glories of nature; for he has not only been gifted with the eye, the ear, and the heart of the poet, but, by his social position has been placed, from his cradle in the most favorable position for the development of the poetic faculty, through external influences and surroundings. College-training, travel in foreign lands, where he has had nothing to do but to open mind and senses to the glories of nature and of art, and the contemplation of the traditional relics of the past. The gorgeous scenes of oriental lands, the sunny plains of Andalusia, the wild magnificence of Switzerland and Norway, all the beauty and interest of Italy, are alike familiar to his senses and thoughts; while his chosen home is in one of the loveliest spots of the Isle of Wight, where he has lived in elegant retirement for a good part of his life, and where he cannot put his head out of doors without drinking in some new draught of natural beauty, or take a step without putting his feet on flowers. The dear little island is, in fact, carpeted with flowers, and cowslips and primroses, orchids and blue bells, the wild geranium and clematis, dogroses and privet, daisies and buttercups, grow all over its surface, and come down to the very edge of the shores. The centre of the island consists of a range of the loveliest downs it is possible to imagine, dotted over with charming villages, country seats remarkable for their beauty and their beautiful sites, old churches buried in secular groves, and ruins of great interests and antiquity. Carisbrook Castle, with its unequalled ivy, splendid views, and historical traditions; the Monk's Oratory, with its bare and weatherbeaten walls, and numberless other relics of the past, form striking features in the landscape of the region, and call up innumerable reminiscences of the past. The downs, with their swelling outlines, are diversified with acre after acre of golden gorse and purple heather, the red soil of fallows, the various greens of young crops. From their summits the eye takes in nearly the whole of the island—about fourteen miles in length, and ten in breadth—with wide sea views on the east, south, and west, and the south coast of England to the north. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the shores; bold rocks, lovely coves, and fine reaches of sandy beach, with innumerable points and headlands, succeeding each other all round the island. One of the most charming walks in the world is along the top of the hanging belt of rock on the south-east side of the island, between Black-gang Chine, with its dark precipices and roaring surf, past Niton, Venture, and Bonchurch, to Shanklin Chine; with the green, red, and brown tops of the downs on the one hand, the cliff, with its broidery of trees and flowers, and the sea three hundred feet below you, on the other. Equally charming is the drive at the foot of the rock, known as the Undercliff, with the rugged and picturesque cliffs above you, and a constant succession of rich, flowery pastures, groves, gardens, country seats, and orchards on either hand; a blending of Arcadian loveliness and marine views such as hardly any other part of the world can furnish. The island boasts three or four fashionable watering-places, crowded with gay idlers and invalids during the winter and spring, their temperature being almost as mild as that of Nice; and an infinity of far pleasanter rural nooks, where one may rusticate in the utmost simplicity and quietude, and live out of doors all day long on the breezy downs, or on the beautiful little bays, with the sea coming up to your parlor windows. The capital of the island is Newport, exactly in its centre, with shops that boast of being as good as their London congeners; an immense number of inns, most of them very primitive, and a magnificent church in the Market Square, of which the Newport people are excessively proud, and in the belfry of which they have lately installed a grand clock and a set of chimes—raised by subscription—which effectually prevent strangers from sleeping, by striking all the quarters, and ringing out little tunes at each, with a longer tune at the hours, all through the night. Proud as Newport is of its shops and its church, it is a hundred-fold prouder of its noisy clock and tormenting chimes. So frequently does the Queen drive through the town in her pony-chaise that the people are fond of telling strangers that "they are so used to seeing the Queen that nobody takes the trouble to look at her!" a surfeit of royalty of which they are almost as proud as of their clock and chimes. The Queen's seat being only a few miles from Newport, she drives through that town more often than through the others, where her presence therefore excites rather more attention. In the early days of their married life the Queen and Prince used to spend a good deal of their time at a lovely seat in another part of the island, where they rambled out, enjoying the delicious air and the beauty of the scenery in perfect privacy and seclusion. One day, when I was visiting that neighborhood, the friend with whom I was staying, took me to the cottage of an old man who lived by himself, without wife or children, on the edge of one of the downs. He was very unsocial, had the reputation of not liking the fairer sex, and maintained himself by selling vegetables, eggs, poultry, and honey, all of which he raised in the little garden and croft attached to his cottage.

"Mr. B——," said my friend after chatting with the old man for some time, the latter evidently thinking himself quite as good as his company, "I want you to let this lady see your clock, Pope's clock, you know, that you bought at the sale at his house at Twickenham."

"Oh, she's welcome to see it," replied the old man, leading the way to his little kitchen, "there's the clock, and I think I shall leave it to Prince Albert some of these days, 'cause he and the Queen admired it so."

"Oh, come, Mr. B——, tell us all about that affair. My friend will like to hear it."

"Oh, well, there isn't much to tell. One Saturday afternoon a smart spring shower came on, and, as I was going by the window, I see a young lady and gentleman run pretty fast for shelter into my outhouse; so I goes to the front door and hollers out, 'I say, you'd better come in here.' So, upon that, in they came, and I was a-going to show them into the parlor when the young lady says, 'Oh, I'd rather go into the kitchen, for I see you've a fire, and my shoes are rather wet.' Well, I let her do as she liked; and as the fire was not an over good one, the young gentleman he begins to make it up by putting on some turf that lay by; and, by way of saying something, you know, good natured-like, says he, 'This is nice turf you've got.' 'Well, sir, says I, 'I don't think it very good; they've cut it too deep, quite down into the earth.' So then he looks about him for something else to notice, and, seeing those cups and saucers on the mantle-shelf, 'You've got some old china,' says he. 'No,' says I, 'that's not china, it's *delft;* and afore you were born, sir, people thought a good deal of eating off *delft*, which being the best ware they could get, they valued as much as we value china now.' So then the young lady says 'You've a curious clock.' 'Yes,' says I, 'that really *is* a curiosity, for it was Pope's, and I bought it at the sale of his effects at Twickenham.'

"'Is it just as it was when Pope had it?' says she.

"'Oh, no!' says I, 'I've had it cleaned and done up.'

"'Ah, that's a pity,' says she, 'for otherwise I would have bought it of you.' Well, I thought this funny, but just then the young gentleman, who had gone to the front door, called out, 'It has left off raining now.' 'You can't justly tell whether it has or not, sir,' says I, 'at that door, because the wind sets agin the back of the house. If you'll go to the back door, you'll be more likely to see.' So he goes to the back door, and directly he opened it, out darted his two dogs, a big one and a little one, and began rolling themselves on my peppermint-bed.

"'Hallo, sir,' says I, 'do you know I sell my peppermint?' So he laughs and whistles them off, and says to the lady, 'It really has left off raining.'

"So away they go after thanking me for giving them shelter; and I stand at the door looking after them, and see them cut across the common to a little gate in the park paling. So I stood thinking to myself, 'Whoever could they be? Going into the park, too! Why, then, ten to one it's the Queen and Prince Albert! To think of that never having struck me! Yes, yes, I dare say it was, for he's tall, and she's short, and they do go about with two dogs. But I didn't know they were expected down here just now. However, I'll just go up to the house with a basket of eggs, and then I shall know. So I went up with my basket of eggs; and sure enough the servants told me they *had* come down unexpectedly, and had gone out to walk directly after luncheon, and had been caught in the rain.'

"'Well, but, Mr. B——, that's not all!'

"'Oh, no; that's not all. The next day, they tell me, the Queen and all her party were going out on horseback, when she says, "Have any of you any money?"'

"'How much does your Majesty want?' says one of the queries.

"'Oh, five or ten pounds.'

"'I have five pounds, your Majesty.' 'Oh, that will do.' So they rode along by here, and, as they went by, the Queen says, 'Go in and give the poor man in that cottage five pounds for me, and tell him I thank him for having given us shelter yesterday.' So of course I was very much pleased; but, you know, I did not know who the equery was; so, seeing him come in and leave the gate open, I bawled out 'Shut the gate after you!' for I thought I should have the dogs in again, and mischief be done to my late peas and peppermint.'

"Well, every autumn since, she has sent me five pounds. Yes, it's very good of her; and I've no way of showing her what I think of it but by taking her a basket of cherry pippins, which is not what everybody can do; for I don't know of any hereabouts but mine. I have but one tree, and I always save its pippins for the Queen. *You* shall have one, though, ma'am. Here's one for ye."

Old Mr. B—— is now dead; and his little homestead, with the one tree he prized so much for its enabling him to testify in a humble way his gratitude to the Queen, have passed into other hands. But I have since learned that he made a will, some years before his death, and in it left Pope's clock to the Prince Consort. Dozens of such stories of the Queen's benevolence might, I dare say, be picked up in that neighborhood, where she and the Prince passed much of their time in the beginning of their wedded life.

But here, as I count up the pile of pages at my elbow, I am amused to see that I have filled as much space as I can venture to take without having even alluded to the subject on which I had intended addressing the readers of THE POST when I took up my pen; the high wind which is blowing round the house as though bent upon blowing it down, and the welcome sun shining in at the window, having drawn my thoughts back to the breezes and blowings of the breezy and sunshiny island in question, and beguiling my pen into a canter over its downs than which nothing was farther from my thoughts when I dipped it into the ink, for the purpose of reciting a carnival adventure which must now wait for my next letter. QUANTUM.

WASHINGTON RUMORS.

WASHINGTON, March 31.—It is said that no uneasiness is felt by the Commissioners from the Confederate States, either in regard to the evacuation of Fort Sumter or the reinforcement of Fort Pickens, and that they are satisfied on both points.

Gen. Houston has written and published a long letter, in which he expresses his continued devotion to the Union. He protests against his deposition, but expresses no disposition of contesting the matter.

Mr. Lincoln threw a protest from the straight Republicans of California into the fire recently—said protest charging that improper men had been appointed to office through the influence of Col. Baker, the Oregon Senator, whom the President said he had known for 25 years.

WASHINGTON, March 29.—There are various rumors afloat concerning the reinforcement of Fort Pickens; one of these is that the fort was successfully reinforced some ten days since by means of small boats at night, and that it is now in a condition to stand the longest siege that the confederates can bring against it. There are good reasons for doubting this rumor, however, and until it receives authentic confirmation, there will be few who will credit it. Commissioners Roman and Crawford do not hesitate to pronounce it a fabrication, though on what authority does not appear.

A conference between the Department of State and the Spanish legation has been held, and it is stated that the officials discredit the statement that the island of St. Domingo has been or will be attacked by Spain.

Mr. Lamon says, in his report about Fort Sumter, that Major Anderson considered the South Carolina batteries very effective. They had been entirely remodelled under direction of General Beauregard, and heavy Dahlgren guns had been mounted.

Recently the arrival of ordnance in Richmond from the Bellona foundry caused an intense excitement there, many of the citizens there being apprehensive that they were to be sent to Fort Monroe, and that this movement was accelerated by the present condition of Southern affairs. The truth is, as has been ascertained at the Ordnance Bureau, that the cannon were contracted for three years ago, and the manufacturer merely delivered them at the place agreed upon in order to receive his pay.

Hon. G. W. Lane, who was recently confirmed as Judge for the Northern and Southern District of Alabama will, it is said, endeavor to hold his Court at Athens, in the Union part of that State.

The President has appointed Carl Schurz, of Wisconsin, Minister to Madrid, in place of Cassius M. Clay, who has willingly consented to be transferred to St. Petersburgh. The precedent in the case of Mr. Soule (who was a French refugee) will insure the reception of Mr. Schurz at the Court of Spain.

Capt. Fox, who was sent by the President to investigate and report upon the condition of Fort Sumter, states that Major Anderson has supplies sufficient to last till April 15th.

Private accounts from New Mexico represent that the Texas Special Commissioner has met with but little if any success in his secession efforts in that territory.

Mr. Lane was nominated District Judge in Alabama, at the suggestion of Cobb, the ex-member of Congress from that State.

Sam. Houston, Governor of Texas, writes to President Lincoln a most important dispatch. The Indians, he says, are threatening to invade Texas, and he asks the Federal Government if they can or will afford any relief.

Orders were sent from here ten days ago to the officers in Texas to retain a portion of the dispersed troops there, subject to the order of Gov. Houston.

IMPORTANT FROM RICHMOND.—The Virginia Legislature have passed a resolution, in relation to the Bellona foundry guns, authorizing the Governor to call out the public guard to arrest the contemplated removal, and directing him to employ the needful force to resist any attempt to move the same beyond the reach of the control of the State government. It is said that the government will, as usual, acquiesce.

☞ The Daniel Webster and Gen. Rusk, from Texas, with U. S. troops, left four companies at Key West, and four at the Tortugas. Fort Taylor is now on a complete war footing, amply garrisoned and furnished with supplies of all sorts for one year.

The Daniel Webster reports great Indian depredations along the frontier of Texas, and a rumor of a new raid by the Mexican robber chief, Cortinas.

☞ We should enjoy our fortune as we do our health—enjoy it when it is good, be patient when it is bad, and never apply violent remedies, except in extreme necessity.

☞ As we grow older it is with hearts as with heads of hair—it is not easy to distinguish the true from the false.

THE CHILD'S GHOST.

The New York Presbyterian of a late date relates this story:

We were returning from our spring meeting of Presbytery—one gentleman and two ladies—in a "rockaway," and the road none of the best. Night, cold and damp, overtook us eight or ten miles from home, but only a short distance from Judge Blank's, who, after we had arrived at his house, narrated the following unique tale. Said the Judge, as follows:

"Years ago we had in our house a sweet little child, about four years of age, and the object, of course, of a very tender affection. But sickness laid its hand upon it. Remedies, promptly resorted to, all proved in vain. Day after day the rose faded from the cheek, and the fire in the eyes burned low, and at length death closed those eyes and sealed those lips forever; and we learned by trying experience how intense darkness follows the quenching of one of those little lights of life.

"The time rolling sadly on, brought us at length to the hour appointed for committing our treasure to the custody of the grave.—The friends assembled. The customary services were held, the farewell taken, and the little form securely shut beneath the well-screwed coffin-lid, and in due form the grave received its trust. We looked on and saw the earth thrown in, the mound raised above, and the plats of sod neatly adjusted into a great sheltering roof, and then wended our way back to our desolate home. Evening came on and wore away. My wife had gone into an adjoining room to give some directions to a servant, and I, unfitted by the scene of the day for aught else, had just laid my head on my pillow in our room upon the first floor of the house, when I heard a shriek, and in a moment more my wife came flying into the room, and springing upon the bed behind me, exclaimed,

"'See there! our child! our child!'

"Raising my head, my blood froze within me, the hair upon my head stood up, as I saw the little thing in grave-clothes, with open but manifestly sightless eyes, and pale as when we gave it the last kiss, walking towards us. Had I been alone—had not the extreme terror of my wife compelled me to play the man, I should have leaped from the window and bed without casting a look behind. But, not daring to leave her in such terror, I arose, sat down in a chair, and took the little creature between my knees—a cold sweat covered my body—and gazed with feelings unutterable upon the object before me. The eyes were open in a vacant stare. The flesh was colorless, cold and clammy; nor did the child appear to have the power of speech or hearing, as it made no attempt to answer any of our questions. The horror of our minds was the more intense, as we had watched our child through its sickness and death, and had been but a few hours before eye-witness of its interment. While gazing upon it, and asking in my thoughts, 'What can this extraordinary providence mean—for what can it be sent—the servant girl having crept into the door, after a time suggested,

"'It looks like Mrs. ——'s child.'

"Now our neighbor had a child about the same age as ours, and its constant companion. But what could bring it to our home and in such a plight? Still the suggestion had operated as a sedative upon our excited feelings, and rendered us more capable of calm reflection. And after a time, we discovered in truth that the *grave* clothes were *night* clothes, and the corpse a somnambulist. And it became manifest that the excitement attending the loss and burial of its playmate, working upon the child's mind in sleep, was the cause to which we were indebted for this untimely and startling visit.

"Wiping away the perspiration, and taking a few long breaths, I prepared to countermarch the little intruder back to its forsaken bed. Back we went, it keeping at my side, though still asleep. I had walked quite a distance across the wet grass. I found the door of its home ajar, just as the fugitive had left it, and its sleeping parents unconscious of its absence. The door creaked as I pushed it open, and awakened the child, who looked wildly around a moment, and then popped into bed.

"Now if it had not been for my wife, as I have said, I should, on the appearance of this apparition, have made a leap of uncommon agility from that window; and after flight of uncommon velocity for a person of my age and dignity, I should have been ready to take my oath in any court, either in Christendom or heathendom, that I had seen a ghost."

NOVEL APPLICATION OF CRINOLINE.—An unusually tall woman, of the name of Chery, was lately tried by the Correctional Police of Paris, for robberies committed in a singular fashion. One afternoon in November last, she went to an hotel in the neighborhood of a railway station, and, representing that she had just arrived in Paris, took a room, and ordered dinner. After her repast she went away to, as she said, post a letter, but never returned, and it turned out that she had carried off *a sheet, a blanket, a clock, a knife with a silver handle, and two napkins*. As she had nothing in her hands she must have secreted the first three articles in her crinoline, which was of gigantic dimensions. From not fewer than seven other hotels or lodging houses she stole *clocks, blankets, bonnets, hats, silk dresses, and various other articles*, and, in spite of their bulk and weight, carried them off unperceived. At last she was arrested. The tribunal, learning that she had previously been condemned, sentenced her to five years' imprisonment, and five years' surveillance of the police.

REAL ESTATE.—The fact cannot be denied that the largest fortunes in this land of panics and promises are those that are anchored to lots and acres, and while requiring the least attention and anxiety, are the last to feel financial depression. It is true that rents may be delayed or withheld, but unfaithful stewards cannot swamp the principal. In England for generations the landholders have accumulated the largest fortunes. In New York city fabulous sums have been amassed by lot holders, who trusted to the advance in prices that they knew an increased population must necessarily cause.

THE BATTLE OF CHESSKING PLAIN.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY JOHN COLLINS.

To a chequered plain, for disputed reign,
Two rival kings once led
Their battalions true, in armor new,
These white and those bright red.

On the fated land they take their stand,
And call their vassals round,
Draw them up in rows, their files well close,
And prepare for the bugle's sound.

On their right is seen each monarch's queen,
True alike in weal and woe;
While their bishops share war's hardy fare,
Nor the hope of spoil forego.

Their bold knights wait at a castle's gate,
While their prancing chargers neigh,
And each soldier man along the van
Lifts his spear for a bloody fray.

At the trump's shrill blast a shieldman dashed
From his monarch to the fight,
And the red King's page then called t' engage,
Meets the footman of king white.

For a while each band sees the soldiers stand
Unarmed and at bay,
Then a valiant knight from the ranks of white,
To the contest bounds away.

Now a knight of red o'er his bearer's head
Springs his monarch's power to shield,
And the scale of war, balanced well thus far,
Calls the bishops to the field.

But those mitred men, of first in sin,
When a prince's smile is gained,
In the surplice stood, eager for blood,
But the fear of death restrained.

To their instincts true, the kings both flew
For safety from the ground,
And, like curs, brave look behind a rook,
While the walls enclose them round.

Now the pagan train of the kings are slain,
By the knights who them oppose;
Then the forces sigh for vengeance cry,
And the field all crimson grows.

"To the left or right turn not to fight,
But pursue that tyrant king,"
Cried the lily queen, in the centre seen,
To the knight who leads her wing.

And the bishops on, this Amazon
To her aid she loudly calls;
But priest of red her proud knight's head
To the earth that moment falls.

A man from behind, by passion blind,
At the bishop's sidelong thrust,
Drives a fatal dart through his lordship's heart,
And his mitre meets the dust.

"He a martyr fell for the cause, he well
Paid his life, like a subject true,"
With a fierce glance said the queen of red,
"Here is death, vile slave, for you!"

"Yield your ground, haughty king, or your colors bring,
Like a vassal to my lord,
For my spear will fall on your royal mail,"
Like a lioness now she roared.

As the king withdrew, to the left she flew,
Where a bishop trembling stood
With a holy air, and his silver hair
She dyed in the war field's flood.

In a frantic fright flew the queen of white,
As her consort cried for aid,
From her fierce attack on the red king, back,
And her stand near his castle made.

Now a tower like those made to fight walled foes,
By the warlike kings of yore,
To her queenly aid called the ruby maid,
Crying, "A siege, and his power is o'er!"

"Oh! my kingly love, could my person prove
To thy gentle breast a shield,
I would bare my side," cried his snowy bride,
"To the spears those monsters wield."

And she moved a pace towards her monarch's place,
To die ere his crown was lost;
Then the tower a siege twixt the queen and liege,
Proclaims to the struggling host.

Like a woman true, to his side she flew,
That her life may a moment gain,
And with one fierce thrust crumbled to dust
The tower on the smoking plain.

Then the queen of red, by the fair-haired head,
Threw the white queen from the field,
And backed by a knight, close on her right,
Called the widowed king to yield.

The loss of his bride, for a while his pride
Made the king forget, and he raised
His avenging lance, but the red knight's glance
Made him blush, and he shrunk abased.

The knight, with a frown, now challenged the crown,
And disarmed, at bay, and alone,
He gave it a prey, and they bore it away
In triumph to the red king's throne.

COAL MINE EXPLOSIONS.

Familiarity breeds contempt indeed, or else no British man, woman, or child, would look upon a coal-scuttle or a coal fire without shuddering. When a gunpowder mill blows up, the public read about the accident and stand aghast; pitying the sad fate of those poor fellows who have to follow an avocation so dangerous. How very few of us ever pause to think about the dangers of a coal mine! Can the reader on the instant realise to himself the tremendous gravity of fire-damp explosion and its consequences? Probably not; then let us proceed to enlighten him. In the course of five years ending with 1860, no less than 856 persons have died in consequence of fire-damp explosions!

It would be more painful than profitable to go over the deadly list one by one. Enough to state that with the exception of the Lundhill explosion in 1857, which killed 170 individuals, the recent Risca accident has exceeded in gravity every other coal mine explosion that has taken place during the past five years. Are we justified in calling these sad events accidents? Probably not; but whether yes or no, will be seen more plainly by and by, as we progress in our narrative.

A coal mine! Is it possible for men women and children, who have never seen a coal mine—who have never seen any mine at all—to form a correct notion of it? Quite possible. You are a landed proprietor, let us assume, and certain appearances have led you to believe that deep down under the earth lies a vein of coal. Satisfied of this, you sink a well, which miners call a shaft, until you arrive at the coal; then you burrow away, east and west, north and south, following the coal seam in all its windings. But some of our coal mines ramify underground to an enormous extent. The pathways belonging to some coal mines measure thirty or forty miles by the tape. You will easily understand then that two points are necessary to be seen to before coal can be dug out. Water, which the miners encounter down underground, must be pumped up by steam pumping or otherwise, and a sufficient air ventilation must be maintained. Now we have only spoken of one shaft going down to a coal mine. There must be at least two, however, or else there could be no proper ventilation; namely, one shaft to take down the pure air; another shaft to take up the impure air. From this explanation, the terms downcast shaft and upcast shaft will be at once apparent. But a current of air does not set in of itself; and as a current of air the miner absolutely requires, the next question is, how to produce that current. There are two distinct methods of accomplishing this; the first, and the most usual being to make the upcast shaft very hot by furnace heat, which of course converts it into a chimney: foul air rushing up the chimney, and pure air pouring minewards through the downcast shaft. The second, and unusual method, consists in forcing down large volumes of air by a sort of gigantic pumping apparatus. Such was the plan adopted at Risca, and there seems to have been a tendency afloat to depreciate its value; nevertheless, the pumping apparatus seems to have done its duty. When either by furnace draught, or by pumping air has been got down into the pit, it must be caused to wander through all the many recesses of the pit, otherwise it would travel from the downcast shaft to the upcast shaft by the shortest cut. The air must be made to do the work it was got down into the mine to do, and this is accomplished by setting up doors of wood or canvas here and there, accordingly as the air has to be diverted, this, that, or the other way. The duty of opening and closing these doors is performed by boys, and on the strict performance of the duty, it is not too much to aver, the lives of hundreds of poor fellows depend. Slightly anticipating another part of our record, we must pause to ask of the reader that he for one instant picture to himself the consequence which must accrue from the blowing down or away of these doors, by any sort of explosion. Ventilation would at once cease, and the whole atmosphere of the mine would, if breathed, prove deadly.

Having stated thus much, the reader will soon find no difficulty in understanding the properties and nature of the coal miners' two dire enemies—fire-damp and choke-damp. Now they are not damp; there is nothing damp about them, only our first miners were imported from Germany, and "*dampf*" is the German word for vapor.

As for the first, the fire-damp, it may be explained thus wise:—Common illuminative gas—coal gas, that is to say—will not explode of itself, as is well known; if ignited, it burns indeed, but it burns tranquilly. Mix air with coal gas, however, and we at once get a terrible explosive mixture, so that frequently accidents are known to occur from the mingling of coal gas with air in pipes underground or in dwelling-houses. Well, not illuminative gas exactly, but a gas very much like it, is evolved naturally in coal mines. The miners call it "sulphur," as well as damp, though there is no sulphur in it. It is this gas which, so soon as it is mixed with air, becomes fire-damp, which, by its explosion, occasions all the dreadful accidents we read of dependent on coal-mine explosions. This explosive gas is not always present. Occasionally a mine will be wholly free from it, when all at once, the workman, striking the point of his pick into a seam of coal, out will come a jet of the inflammable gas under the form of what, among coal miners, is known as "a blower." Unfortunately, too, the best coal is that which is richest in this inflammable gas.

We come to the conclusion, then, that encountering the fire-damp gas is a necessity of coal mining. It is an enemy which must be dealt with, or coal mining must be abandoned. How to get rid of it? Well, how does one get rid of enemies usually? In one of two ways. One manœuvres clear of the enemy, or one defies the enemy; either of the two plans may be adopted in turn, but not both together. Now, as regards the fire-damp gas, it is evident that if ventilation were strong enough, the dangerous gas could not accumulate; you have only to sink a sufficient number of downcast and upcast shafts, promoting a sufficient current of air along those shafts, and the fire-damp could not linger. This is so clear that we need not insist upon it; the thing is open to demonstration. Unfortunately, it has suited the interests of coal miners to think less of manœuvring clear of the enemy by promoting efficient ventilation, than of defying the enemy by the use of certain so-called safety lamps, of which the Davy lamp is the most celebrated. Now, on our conscience, we believe the Davy lamp to have been the cause of hundreds, not to say thousands, of fire-damp explosions. It is not a safety lamp under any condition but one, that one never possible in a coal mine. The Davy lamp is never safe in a current of air. How then are we to get ventilation? What is ventilation but an air current? How can a poor miner carry his lamp about without promoting a current? The Davy lamp is never safe if coal dust be flying about, or if soot accumulate upon the safety gauze. How is a miner to dig without knocking coal dust about? And as for the accommodation of soot, why, it *always* accumulates. Therefore the Davy lamp is never safe, and to call it safe, and to impress the poor miners with a belief in its safety, is little else than manslaughter.

There are safety lamps indeed; lamps absolutely safe, *so long as they are uninjured.* But they very readily get injured; then good-bye to their safety. Moreover, whilst quite uninjured, these perfectly safe lamps are so very delicate, that place them in the presence of fire-damp and out they go—hence they cease to be useful.

Depend upon it, ventilation is the great point to be insisted on; sink more shafts, and you will drive the fire fiend from his lair. It is a most important thing to reflect upon, that ventilation and the Davy-lamp are opposed and contrary to each other.

We address ourselves very seriously to working men. We ask them to take up the fire-damp question and exhaust it. How long will they be content to learn, unmoved, the never-varying tale, that such and such a mine must have exploded because some person *must have* unlocked, or otherwise tampered with his lamp? The question is, *Can the Davy lamp ever be called a safety lamp, though locked, and in the very best order?* We say, No; but we would have working men throughout the country, wherever there is a mechanics' institution, try experiments, each for himself.

THE TWO OLD WOMEN.

Two neighboring crones, antique and gray,
Together talked at close of day.
One said, with brow of wrinkled care,
"Life's cup, *at first*, was sweet and fair;
On our young lips, with laughter gay,
Its cream of brimming nectar lay;
But vapid then it grew, and stale,
And tiresome as a twice-told tale;
And here, in weary age and pain,
Its bitter dregs alone remain."
The other, with contented eye,
Laid down her work, and made reply:
"Yes, life was bright at morning tide,
Yet, when the foam and sparkle died,
More rich, methought, and purer, too,
Its well concocted essence grew;
Even now, though low its spirit drains,
And little in the cup remains,
There's sugar at the bottom still,—
And we may taste it, if we will."

KITCHEN GIRLS.

Our domestic service is usually a foolish fracas of unreasonable demand on one side, and shirking on the other. A man of wit was asked, in the train, what was his errand in the city? He replied, "I have been sent to procure an angel to do cooking." A lady complained to me, that, of her two maidens, one was absent-minded, and the other was absent-bodied. And the evil increases from the ignorance and hostility of every ship-load of the immigrant population swarming into houses and farms. Few people discern that it rests with the master or the mistress what service comes from the man or the maid; that this identical hussy was a tutelar spirit in one house, and a haridan in the other. All sensible people are selfish, and nature is tugging at every contract to make the terms of it fair. If you are proposing only your own, the other party must deal a little hardly by you. If you deal generously, the other, though selfish and unjust, will make an exception in your favor, and deal truly with you. When I asked an iron master about the slag and cinder in railroad iron—"O," he said, "there's always good iron to be had: if there's cinder in the iron, 'tis because there was cinder in the pay."—*Emerson.*

How Some Parents Undervalue their Children.—Here is a curious dialogue between a Mr. Eyre and Mr. Dartiguenave, the latter of whom was paymaster of the Board of Works and Surveyor of the Royal Gardens in 1726, a good fat Government post.

Mr. Ey: "Sir, I come to wait upon you to make my addresses to your daughter to marry her."

Mr. Da: "Sir, what do you mean? Marry my daughter, sir; you had better marry Mr. Such-a-one's daughter, or Mrs. Such-a-one's daughter."

"Mr. Ey: "Indeed, sir, I desire your daughter."

Mr. Da: "Really, sir, I tell you my daughter is very *cross, very untoward*, and you had *better go somewhere else;* I suppose you think my daughter will be a very great fortune? No; I tell you I will give her £2,500 and no more."

Mr. Ey: "Very well, sir; I accept it, sir; will you give us leave to live with you?"

Mr. Da: "No. What! give my daughter £2,500 and let her *live with me; no, no!*"

So ended the first meeting, and they are since married. Her mother treats her the same way. She wondered "how anybody would marry her daughter."

Bear With the Little Ones.—Children are undoubtedly very troublesome at times in asking questions, and should, without doubt, be taught not to interrupt conversation in company. But, this resolution made, we question the policy of withholding an answer at any time from the active mind which must find so many unexplained daily and hourly mysteries. They who have either learned to solve these mysteries, or have become indifferent as to an explanation, are not apt to look compassionately enough upon this eager restlessness on the part of children to penetrate causes and trace effects. By giving due attention to those "troublesome questions," a child's *truest* education may be carried on. Have a little patience, then, and sometimes think how welcome to you would be a translator, if you were suddenly dropped into some foreign country, where the language was for the most part unintelligible to you, and you were bursting with curiosity about every strange object that met your eye.

EXAMPLES OF THE METHOD
OF NATURE IN MORAL DISCIPLINE.

From "Education," by Herbert Spencer.

In every family where there are young children there almost daily occur cases of what mothers and servants call "making a litter." A child has had out its box of toys, and leaves them scattered about the floor. Or a handful of flowers, brought in from a morning walk, is presently seen dispersed over tables and chairs. Or a little girl, making doll's clothes, disfigures the room with shreds. In most cases the trouble of rectifying this disorder falls anywhere but in the right place: if in the nursery, the nurse herself, with many grumblings about "tiresome little things," &c., undertakes the task; if below stairs, the task usually devolves either on one of the elder children or on the housemaid; the transgressor being visited with nothing more than a scolding. In this very simple case, however, there are many parents wise enough to follow out, more or less consistently, the normal course—that of making the child itself collect the toys or shreds. The labor of putting things in order is the true consequence of having put them in disorder. Every trader in his office, every wife in her household, has daily experience of this fact. And if education be a preparation for the business of life, then every child should also, from the beginning, have daily experience of this fact. If the natural penalty be met by any refractory behavior (which it may perhaps be where the general system of moral discipline previously pursued has been bad,) then the proper course is to let the child feel the ulterior reaction consequent on its disobedience. Having refused or neglected to pick up and put away the things it has scattered about, and having thereby entailed the trouble of doing this on some one else, the child should, on subsequent occasions, be denied the means of giving this trouble. When next it petitions for its toy-box, the reply of its mamma should be—"The last time you had your toys you left them lying on the floor, and Jane had to pick them up. Jane is too busy to pick up every day the things you leave about; and I cannot do it myself. So that, as you will not put away your toys when you have done with them, I cannot let you have them." This is obviously a natural consequence, neither increased or lessened; and must be so recognized by a child. The penalty comes, too, at the moment when it is most keenly felt. A new-born desire is balked at the moment of anticipated gratification; and the strong impression so produced can scarcely fail to have an effect on the future conduct: an effect which, by consistent repetition, will do whatever can be done in curing the fault. Add to which, that, by this method, a child is early taught the lesson which cannot be learned too soon, that in this world of ours pleasures are rightly to be obtained only by labor.

Take another case. Not long since we had frequently to listen to the reprimands visited on a little girl who was scarcely ever ready in time for the daily walk. Of eager disposition, and apt to become thoroughly absorbed in the occupation of the moment, Constance never thought of putting on her things until the rest were ready. The governess and the other children had almost invariably to wait; and from the mamma there almost invariably came the same scolding. Utterly as this system failed it never occurred to the mamma to let Constance experience the natural penalty. Nor, indeed, would she try it when it was suggested to her. In the world the penalty of being behind time is the loss of some advantage that would else have been gained: the train is gone; or the steamboat is just leaving its moorings; or the best things in the market are sold; or all the good seats in the concert-room are filled. And every one, in cases perpetually occurring, may see that it is the prospective deprivations entailed by being too late which prevent people from being too late. Is not the inference obvious? Should not these prospective deprivations control the child's conduct also? If Constance is not ready at the appointed time, the natural result is that of being left behind, and losing her walk. And no one can, we think, doubt that after having once or twice remained at home while the rest were enjoying themselves in the fields, and after having felt that this loss of a much-prized gratification was solely due to want of promptitude, some amendment would take place. At any rate, the measure would be more effective than that perpetual scolding which ends only in producing callousness.

Again, when children, with more than usual carelessness, break or lose the things given to them, the natural penalty—the penalty which makes grown-up persons more careful—is the consequent inconvenience. The want of the lost or damaged article, and the cost of supplying its place, are the experiences by which men and women are disciplined in these matters; and the experience of children should be as much as possible assimilated to theirs. We do not refer to that early period at which toys are pulled to pieces in the process of learning their physical properties, and at which the results of carelessness cannot be understood; but to a later period, when the meaning and advantages of property are perceived. When a boy, old enough to possess a penknife, uses it so roughly as to snap the blade, or leaves it in the grass by some hedge-side, where he was cutting a stick, a thoughtless parent, or some indulgent relative, will commonly forthwith buy him another; not seeing that, by doing this, a valuable lesson is lost. In such a case, a father may properly explain that penknives cost money, and that to get money requires labor; that he cannot afford to purchase new penknives for one who loses or breaks them; and that until he sees evidence of greater carefulness he must decline to make good the loss. A parallel discipline may be used as a means of checking extravagance.

These few familiar instances, here chosen because of the simplicity with which they illustrate our point, will make clear to every one the distinction between those natural penalties which we contend are the truly efficient ones, and those artificial penalties which parents commonly substitute for them. Before going on to exhibit the higher and subtler applications of this principle, let us note its many and great superiorities over the principle, or rather the empirical practice, which prevails in most families.

In the first place, right conceptions of cause and effect are early formed; and by frequent and consistent experience are eventually rendered definite and complete. Proper conduct in life is much better guaranteed when the good and evil consequences of actions are rationally understood, than when they are merely believed on authority. A child who finds that disorderliness entails the subsequent trouble of putting things in order, or who misses a gratification from dilatoriness, or whose want of care is followed by the loss or breakage of some much-prized possession, not only experiences a keenly-felt consequence, but gains a knowledge of causation: both the one and the other being just like those which adult life will bring. Whereas a child who in such cases receives some reprimand or some factitious penalty, not only experiences a consequence for which it often cares very little, but lacks that instruction respecting the essential natures of good and evil conduct, which it would else have gathered. It is a vice of the common system of artificial rewards and punishments, long since noticed by the clear-sighted, that by substituting for the natural results of misbehavior certain threatened tasks or castigations, it produces a radically wrong standard of moral guidance. Having throughout infancy and boyhood always regarded parental or tutorial displeasure as the result of a forbidden action, the youth has gained an established association of ideas between such action and such displeasure, as cause and effect; and consequently when parents and tutors have abdicated, and their displeasure is not to be feared, the restraint on a forbidden action is in great measure removed: the true restraints, the natural reactions, having yet to be learned by sad experience. As writes one who has had personal knowledge of this short-sighted system:—"Young men let loose from school, particularly those whose parents have neglected to exert their influence, plunge into every description of extravagance; they know no rule of action—they are ignorant of the reasons for moral conduct—they have no foundation to rest upon—and until they have been severely disciplined by the world are extremely dangerous members of society."

Another great advantage of this natural system of discipline is, that it is a system of pure justice; and will be recognized by every child as such. Whoso suffers nothing more than the evil which obviously follows naturally from his own misbehavior, is much less likely to think himself wrongly treated than if he suffers an evil artificially inflicted on him; and this will be true of children as of men. Take the case of a boy who is habitually reckless of his clothes—scrambles through hedges without caution, or is utterly regardless of mud. If he is beaten, or sent to bed, he is apt to regard himself as ill-used; and his mind is more likely to be occupied by thinking over his injuries than repenting of his transgressions. But suppose he is required to rectify as far as he can the harm he has done—to clean off the mud with which he has covered himself, or to mend the tear as well as he can. Will he not feel that the evil is one of his own producing? Will he not while paying this penalty be continuously conscious of the connexion between it and its cause? And will he not, spite his irritation, recognize more or less clearly the justice of the arrangement? If several lessons of this kind fail to produce amendment—if suits of clothes are prematurely spoiled—if pursuing this same system of discipline a father declines to spend money for new ones until the ordinary time has elapsed—and if meanwhile, there occur occasions on which, having no decent clothes to go in, the boy is debarred from joining the rest of the family on holiday excursions and *fete* days, it is manifest that while he will keenly feel the punishment, he can scarcely fail to trace the chain of causation, and to perceive that his own carelessness is the origin of it; and seeing this, he will not have that same sense of injustice as when there is no obvious connexion between the transgression and its penalty.

WATCHING FOR THEE.

The evening hour draws near,
And in the busy street
The homeward tramp I hear
Of many hurrying feet.
And many forms go past,
But thine I do not see
As I sit here by the window
Watching for thee.

The shadows come and go
Within this quiet room,
And the wind's sad murmur low
Fills me with gloom.
Oh! Heaven preserve thee, love,
Wherever thou may'st be,
While I sit here by the window
Watching for thee.

The Secret of Success.—Raleigh flung his laced jacket into a puddle, and for his reward he got a proud queen's favor. A village apothecary had the good fortune to be visiting the state apartments at the Pavilion when George the Fourth was seized with a fit. He bled him, brought him back to consciousness, and made him laugh by his genial and quaint humor. The King took a fancy to him, named him his physician, and made his fortune. I have often heard it remarked by men who have seen much of life, that nobody, not one, goes through the world without two or three such opportunities presenting themselves. The careless, the indolent, the unobservant, and the idle, either fail to remark, or are too slow to profit by them. The sharp fellows, on the contrary, see in each incident all that they need to lead them to success.—*A Day's Ride.*

THE LATEST STREET "DODGE."

Those who walk London streets must often notice vendors of cheap toys busily plying their trade, in spite of the law and the police. These "Cheap Johns," on a small scale, are tolerated, although not countenanced by the authorities; for there naturally prevails a disinclination to interfere with an avocation that assumes the character of fair and open dealing, just as the sale of oranges or the business of any itinerant hucksters may be deemed; and the mere disposition to prefer that line to a downright dishonest one, is of itself a plea for toleration, if not encouragement. The consequence is, a regular business in the way of street-dealing, and some of its branches are amusing as they are questionable. The barfaced trickery belonging to some of the "dodges" resorted to by these petty hawkers is almost past belief, because they are so stale. Gullibility seems a part of human nature. There is one man who appears never to abandon the old deception of selling "plain gold wedding-rings" a penny each. This he tells his audience he has to do "for a bet." The well-known story of "sovereigns a penny a-piece" is still before the public. A man with unblushing affrontery assures his audience that he is commissioned to sell one hundred sovereigns for one hundred pence, to decide a wager, and he fears that he shall fail. He is not permitted, of course, to allow one of the coins to be examined; they must be taken from his hand as they are, and the lies roll out of his mouth with a volubility which nothing but long practice and utter unscrupulousness could bring about. Then there are sellers who give you a marvellous number of articles for your money. The only wonder is how they can do so, until you get home and discover the utter worthlessness of the pretending trash you have bought. Occasionally, however—because the production of a great number of one description of article enables the manufacturers to dispose of them at an exceedingly low price—you see some particular toy, such as a bronze and pistol-shaped pop-gun, sold remarkably cheap. But these are not, strictly speaking, one of the "dodges" of the day. Perhaps the smartness in the latter line is now before the public in the shape of a little black naked figure, which is offered to us for a half-penny. It is amusing to see how hundreds—nay, thousands, of these ugly little dolls are disposed of. Daily, at several of our principal crossings, and that in St. Martin's-lane in particular, may be seen one man, if not two, offering for sale small effigies of nigger babies, seemingly composed of vulcanized India-rubber—we may say seemingly, because the vendor pulls their limbs about remorselessly, and their contortions do not injure their form in the least. There is something funny in all this, and for one half-penny, too; but this is not all. That which makes them really interesting, and the spectator desirous of possessing them, is the sound which they appear to emit whenever the leg, arm, head, or body of either of them is pulled or distorted. Elongating the arm of the little "nigger," the exhibitor says, "See how it hurts him," and you hear a squeak.—He pulls the leg, and there is another squeak in a different tone. Again he puts the head between the legs, and giving it a merciless thump, you hear another shrill cry, and the audience laugh loud and louder when the vendor hangs the supposed squeaker against the face of the nearest boy, when the cry is shriller than ever. You may feel ashamed to make a purchase in the street, but you cannot help wishing to do so. If you have sufficient moral courage, you take a copper from the corner of your pocket, and reaching over the heads of admiring juveniles, present it to the ingenious "professor," for he is no common lecturer. It is a penny, and you cannot refuse to "take a couple." But what have you got? Upon examining your bargain you discover it to be nothing more than a hideous and unsavory morsel of black glue, all sticky and voiceless, for no pulling, squeezing, or doubling up, will induce it to utter the feeblest sound. Those "squeals" that so amused you came not from the toy, but from the mouth or sleeve of the operator, and you are "done"—for a penny!

Forgetfulness.—A great deal of harm is done through forgetfulness. A little thoughtfulness and care with respect to others would often save them from a great deal of suffering, and aid them in their work. A man is discouraged in consequence of the difficulties he meets with. An encouraging word may be all that is necessary to revive his energies, and to cause him to persevere. That word were easily spoken. There are those who are perfectly willing to speak it, but they do not think of it. They are busy with their own work. The discouraged one sinks into deeper despondency, not through their heartlessness, but their want of thoughtfulness. A young man is exposed to temptation. He is about to take a step from which a little influence of the right kind will save him. There are numbers among his acquaintances who could exert that influence. But they do not see his danger, or are so busy that they must leave him to the care of his other friends. He takes the step, and it leads to his ruin. A little effort rightly put forth would have saved him.

Predictions for 1861.—The year 1861 will be a very eventful one—to every maiden who gets married. Throughout the whole course of the year, whenever the moon wanes the nights will grow dark. Whoever is in love this year will think his mistress an angel. Whoever gets married will find out whether it be true. He that loses his hair this year will go bald. He that loses his wife will become a widower. If a young lady should happen to blush she will look red in the face; if she dreams of a young man three nights in succession it will be a sign of something. If she dreams of him four times, or have the toothache, it is ten to one that she is a long time out of her head.

☞ A lumbering concern—A saw-mill.

THE STUDENT.

(AIR—"Oh, may I marry thee?")

The live-long day, and many a night,
Upon my books I pore,
And is it all for fame's delight,
Or all for golden store?
It is not for the golden pay,
Or fame's bright face to see,
But oh! to hurry on the day
When I may marry thee,
My love,
When I may marry thee.

The breezy morn, the sunset bright,
To me no gladness bring,
Nor summer with its bloom and light,
Nor freshness of the spring;—
Yet I have glimpses of a ray
As bright as they can be—
Thy fond look on that happy day
When I may marry thee,
My love,
When I may marry thee.

I thought to seek a soldier's lot—
Bright fame, or narrow bed,—
Yet I am chained to one lone spot,
By love-hopes only led;
But heart and brain shall win their way
To some good destiny,
And hurry on the blissful day
When I may marry thee,
My love,
When I may marry thee.

R. D. JOYCE.

THE RULING PASSION.

OR, STRUGGLE AND TRIUMPH.

BY EDWINA BURBURY,

AUTHOR OF "FLORENCE SACKVILLE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

"If there be one spot upon thy name,
One eye thou fearest to meet, one human voice
Whose tones thou shrink'st from—woman, veil thy face,
And bow thy head and die!" —*Mrs. Hemans.*

If the last few weeks had seemed long to Beatrice, how much sadder and slower was that immediately following her engagement with the Duke!

Some one has said, that "We measure time by our sensations;" and if this is true, no wonder the days appeared endless to the hapless orphan.

Desolate and sorrowful, even in the midst of so-called friends—her heart shrinking from the future, and shuddering with morbid self-reproach from the past, trembling with instinctive dread at the congratulations heaped upon her, and flying for refuge to solitude, which, peopled with spectres of impossible happiness, sent her back into society more wretched than before—it is no wonder that Beatrice became daily whiter, thinner, more languid and sad than ever.

Yet the world—the quick-sighted, right-judging world saw nothing of all this. So long as the "engaged one" looked graceful, smiled gently, and received their good wishes graciously, what was it to those who offered them that her heart was breaking before their eyes, and that the girl her rivals so wildly envied, would thankfully have exchanged lots with the lowest of their menials, or watched the preparations for her burial far more gladly than she saw those for her bridal?

Nothing!

Men and women, whose souls are absorbed in pleasure and aggrandisement, care for nothing upon the earth, or beyond it, but those people, circumstances, and things which minister to their ruling passion. All else may die—perish miserably under their very feet and eyes; yet they pass on and make no sign.

So was it now with the young Duchess elect and her friends.

Troops gathered in the splendid rooms of the popular Minister's wife, and paid their compliments, made their court to the niece—the rising star, whom all were ready to fall down and worship; but none cared to see how pale and white she grew, how wintry was the smile which answered their words, except Ada Stanhope and old Susan.

To the former, this time was, beyond all others in her life, the most utterly wretched; for, notwithstanding all her conduct might imply to the contrary, she did truly love the girl she was thus aiding to sacrifice, and the remorse which preyed upon her mind at every sight of Beatrice's unhappiness, was unappeasable. Yet still she interfered not; with a heart as cruelly torn as the orphan's own, she maintained perfect silence and an unmoved demeanor, for the worldly honor and position she held dearer than her soul were at stake; and as Carlisle had prophesied, she was passive.

And the only other person who had love and penetration sufficient to read the truth—poor old Susan—what could she do? Nothing—nothing!

So day after day passed on, until one when Beatrice was rather sadder and more depressed than usual, and then Susan, resolutely breaking through the reserve which had been growing up between them, determined to speak frankly to her young lady—her child—her bairn!

It was evening; she had come in from the Park, and was sitting on a low chair beside her dressing-table; a book was on her knee, but she did not read; some embroidery by her side, but she did not sew: her large, heavy eyes were the only part of her that seemed alive, and these looked on vacancy.

She did not observe her nurse's entrance, until she stole her arm tenderly around her neck, and said, in a voice choked with emotion,

"My bairn! my bairn! winna ye tell me what ails ye?"

Susan was a Scotchwoman, born just beyond the Border, upon one side of Mr. Lyle's northern estates; and although she had left Glenlorton many years, yet, as I have said before, whenever strongly moved, she always returned to the accent and phraseology of her birth-place; and now her words woke the echoes of Beatrice's sweet childhood, as she repeated,

"My bairnie—my bairnie! winna ye tell me?"

"Oh, Susan," answered the poor girl, laying her head upon the faithful breast which had so often been its pillow, "I am very unhappy."

"I ken it weel, bairn; I am no blind, not to see it in yer verra een an' step. But what is it, tell me?"

"I cannot—I cannot! Do not ask me."

"But I must. Ye ha' na mither; an' the heart canna comfort its ain sorrows! Tell them to me."

"Oh, if I had a mother! if she had but lived, I should have had one friend, one creature to love me, to save me; but now all is lost—she is gone, and I am desolate. Oh, Susan!"—and turning suddenly round, she gazed pitifully into the weeping face bent over her—"if you loved any one very much, could you bear to make her miserable—could you take away from her what she loved, and see her heart ache and break for the want of what you could give her? Could you see sunshine and happiness die out of her life, without making one effort to save her?"

"Na, na, bairn," she answered, sobbing; "ye ken I couldna—ye ken it weel. Ye ken too that trouble often comes, an' we say, 'The Lord sinds it,' when He's naught to do wi' it, only our ain wilfu' ways."

"Yes, yes; but it is not so with me. It was not my fault; how could I help loving him?"

"Hech, lassie, is that the trouble? The gude Lord owre all be gracious to ye! I feared it!"

"What—what? Oh, Susan, what have I said? Forget it—forget it—it is not true! I love no one—no one! My heart is free!"

"Frae sic a sin as luving ane, when yer hand's promised to anither, I do humbly pray ye are, bairnie," said Susan, gravely. "And yet I didna' think to see ye greet like this, an' he the husband o' anither."

"Married! Oh, Susan, who told you so? It is not true—I will not believe it!"

"Ye tell't me yersel' a week agone."

"Did I? Oh, yes, I remember; but I am mad, I think, and don't know what I am talking of. My heart aches—my head aches. I am tired—and want rest. Go down stairs, Susie, and let me be alone."

"Na, na; I canna gang."

Beatrice wrung her hands.

"Susan, darling, my heart is breaking," she sobbed bitterly. "Oh, would that I could die and be at rest! my head burns, and the grave is so cold and quiet!"

"Hush, hush, lassie; be patient, an' bide the Lord's time. Death is na rest to them as is na ready."

Then impressing a fond kiss upon the flushed and fevered brow, Susan rose and left the room, hoping that when she was alone, the poor weary spirit might find rest in sleep.

And she was right. An hour after, when she stole back into the chamber, she found Beatrice sitting, or rather crouching, upon the ground, her arms crossed upon an ottoman, and her head pillowed on them. Worn out with tears and sorrow, she had fallen asleep; but even as she slept, great heavy drops hung on her long eyelashes, and weighed down the swollen lids, while every now and then a moan issued from the pale, parted lips.

With a heart well-nigh as heavy as that of the hapless girl before her, Susan stood and watched her nursling's troubled sleep; and when at last, only more faint and weary for the uncomfortable dose, Beatrice awoke with a start, her faithful friend undressed her silently, and then, laying her upon a couch, remained beside her until the burning eyes closed once more, then hastened down stairs to excuse her young lady's non-appearance again this evening, upon the plea of a violent headache.

It was an opera night, and at the moment when Susan's message reached the drawing-room, the Duke of Carlisle was standing impatiently, with eyes fixed upon the door, waiting for Beatrice's appearance, who, with her aunt and cousin, he had come to escort to the Haymarket.

With a sudden and angry flush upon his face, he listened to the intelligence of Miss Lyle's indisposition, and but for the entrance of Lady Emmeline Grantley and her mother, who formed the only addition to Mrs. Stanhope's party for the opera, and immediately claimed the Duke's attention, he would have expressed his angry incredulity at once.

As it was, however, he was compelled to wait awhile; how patiently, a review of his adventures during the day will tell us.

As I hope you remember, dear reader, his Grace's proposal to Beatrice was hurried on by the receipt of a certain letter from his lawyer, conveying notice of the extreme proceedings threatened by a firm of heavy claimants, who, having been put off with promises of payment for years, had now grown desperate, and refused to be cajoled any longer than seven days from the date of their warning.

There was something in the style of the letter which convinced Carlisle that the men who authorized it were in earnest, and would not be trifled with; and as he knew perfectly well that if their threat was carried out, and an execution really put into his house, half a dozen others would follow, and London be made an unpleasant, if not impossible, place of residence, he decided upon the expedient of offering his hand to the Leicestershire heiress at once, and paying off his debts with her fortune.

He did so; was accepted, as we have seen, and wrote Mr. Morton word of it, desiring him, in a very off-hand, haughty manner, to use the information with Messrs. Carthcart, and so quiet them.

Now, lawyers—most of them, at least—are gentlemen, and expect to be treated as such; and his Grace of Carlisle's letter was anything but that which Mr. Morton liked, and had a right to expect. He had worked very hard for the Duke, and done a great deal for him; had extricated him from countless dilemmas and difficulties, and really exerted himself to preserve his credit, and while it was in daily jeopardy no one could be more courteous than the client; but now, when a prospect offered of freeing himself from his encumbrances by marriage, my Lord Duke forgot past services, and wrote to his lawyer much after the same fashion that he would have done to his groom.

And, as may be supposed, the lawyer, not being a simpleton, saw, and in a quiet, professional way resented it.

He did the precise duty for which he was employed, and no more.

He saw Messrs. Cathcart's solicitor; informed him of the peer's probable marriage, and the consequent safety of the money he was instructed to recover; requested that time might be given, and forbearance extended; and having done this retired.

Had Mr. Morton urged the matter as he had done before, pledged his own word for the integrity of the statement he made, and expatiated upon the benefit which would accrue to the jewellers from the approaching nuptials, it is more than probable that the Duke's wishes would have been complied with; but Carlisle had made and broken promises so repeatedly, been given in marriage to first one heiress, then another, so often, that his creditors had lost all faith in him. And now that his own man of business seemed to betray want of confidence by his want of zeal, the opposite side refused to listen or believe, and politely intimated that they had no intention of swerving from their resolution.

Still the Duke would not believe that the storm which had been looming in the horizon so long would burst; and therefore he tossed aside Mr. Morton's letter informing him of the result of his conference with Mr. Wild; and, therefore, upon the eighth day from the receipt of that gentleman's communication, his Grace found a visitor at Carlisle House whom he had not invited there.

And their first meeting was in this wise.

Like most men of his class, the Duke of Carlisle kept late hours, seldom rising until after mid-day, and retiring about the same time that the working bees in this hive of ours get up.

Sometimes, when he had had a run of bad luck at his club the night before, or Mademoiselle Pettitoe's supper after the opera had been unusually gay, the Duke would delay his rising an hour or two longer; and then Monsieur Alphonse, his confidential valet, knew that nothing short of a revolution, or a royal command, would hold him excused for disturbing his master's slumbers.

Now, it so happened that upon the day of which I am writing, the Duke was in a very ill humor; he had lost I don't know how much at *ecarte* the evening previous, and his morning's reflections were not so agreeable as to encourage him to rouse himself up and face them.

He indulged, therefore, in a few highly aristocratic expletives, when, contrary to all precedent, Monsieur Alphonse made his appearance in his chamber unannounced, and, notwithstanding the reception he met with, persisted in approaching the bed.

"I am really exceedingly distressed, my lord," said the man, bowing respectfully, and taking no more heed of his master's greeting than if he had not heard it, "to disturb you so early, but I have no option. There are persons in the house whom I fear you Grace will find it necessary to see before they leave it."

"What persons? What the devil do you mean, waking me up in this way with your cock-and-bull stories? I shall see nobody till I am up, which won't be these two hours."

"They come from Messrs. Wild."

"Well, what then? Who are Messrs. Wild?"

"Will your Grace allow them to explain?"

"Not I. It's some confounded lawyer or another; and if they want money, they won't get it. Tell them to explain to you, or go to Morton; and now draw the curtains again, and let me alone."

"They have explained."

"Well, then, there's an end of it. What do you come pestering me for?"

"Because I am sure your Grace would prefer the annoyance of a personal interview, to allowing the business upon which these persons come, to be suspected in the house."

For the first time a suspicion of the truth flashed across the peer's mind, and, springing up, he said, quickly,

"You're not a fool, Alphonse, and would not persist in this way for nothing. What is the business?"

"An execution, your Grace."

"Perdition! Whose?"

"Cathcart and Benson."

"The hounds! But where's Morton? I told him to settle this."

"Mr. Morton has not been here for nearly a fortnight."

"Tell them to go to him."

"They will not leave the house. One is in the plate-room, and the other in the library."

A volley of oaths, with which I will not sully this fair paper, answered the information, and then Alphonse continued,

"They have behaved very well. I know the principal a little, so he asked for me at once, told me, in confidence, what was the matter, and promised to take no steps to make the matter known to the household until I had an opportunity of seeing your Grace."

"And what the deuce can I do?"

"Shall I send for Mr. Morton?"

"Yes; and as there's no help for it, I suppose I must get up. What an infernal nuisance it is—just at this time, too?"

In no very amiable spirit the Duke dressed, and went into his morning-room to await the arrival of the man who should and would have been his friend, if only he had deserved it.

But after half an hour's impatient waiting, the messenger returned without Mr. Morton, who was gone to Richmond for the day; and then the peer had no alternative but to see his unwelcome visitor, and try what could be done with him.

The man was very civil—as such persons usually are in such houses—but immovable.

He was very willing—most anxious to oblige his Grace in every way he possibly could; but to leave the house was impossible.

"It is more than my place is worth, my lord," he said—"more than I dare do for my own brother. I am in, and I must keep in."

"Yes, yes! that's all right enough, unless I can make it worth your while to go out."

"Nothing will do that but payment of debt and costs."

"Just so. Well, look here—you are a man of business, I see, and will understand my position. I am head over ears in debt, as I daresay you know?"

The officer bowed.

"But I am about to be married to a lady whose fortune will clear all that off, and set my estates free. It is of the greatest consequence to me, therefore, that such little matters as these should be kept quiet, and not get talked about."

"Of course."

"I am glad you see it. It's a relief to have a fellow to talk to who has his wits about him. Well, then, I will give you a bill for the amount you claim, payable the next day after my marriage, which will be in about two months, and this ring"—and he drew a diamond from his finger—"for your own trouble, if you will give me an acknowledgment."

"Impossible, my lord. I daren't do it."

"Why not?"

"Because it ain't our way of doing business. What your lordship says, is all very right, no doubt; and I daresay, under the circumstances, Messrs. Cathcart would take the bill, but I can't; it would only be so much waste paper to me."

"Why, surely you do not suppose I would allow it to go back—have my name attached to such a thing as a dishonored bill, at this juncture?"

"Not if you could help it; but marriage isn't like death, my lord—it isn't certain; and there's a vulgar saying, but a very true one, about there being 'many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.'"

The Duke's proud blood boiled at the man's familiarity—his fingers absolutely tingled with the fierce desire to strike him to his feet, or cast him from his presence; but "under the circumstances" he felt that policy was better than passion, and so he refused himself the indulgence he coveted, and bided his time, saying with an affectation of good humor that sat very awkwardly,

"Well, you are quite right to be cautious. I cannot blame you; though, 'pon my soul, this confounded lawyer of mine being out of town, I don't know what to do."

"Ain't you no friend you cold borrow the money of, my lord? The lady herself, now, sooner than see you put about—"

"Silence, sir! What the devil do you mean?" thundered the Duke, in a voice which caused the officer to start in his chair. "Haven't you seen enough to understand that she is the very last person in the world I would have know anything about this rascally affair?"

"Ah, of course, if it can be helped. But if it can't?"

"It shall—it must!"

"With all my heart. I'll write my name to a receipt, with the greatest pleasure in life."

"Silence! Do the servants know of this?"

"Well, not exactly; but one or two saw us come in, and can put two and two together as well as their betters, I daresay."

"No doubt! no doubt! But now listen to me. It's important to me that the object of your visit should not be suspected, and there are ways and means of preventing it, with which you are acquainted, although I am not. Use them so as to blind the household, and when you go, whether the time be long or short, I'll give you a ten pound note apiece, as an acknowledgment of the additional trouble you have had."

"Oh, you want us to come the livery servant dodge! Well, I've no objection, provided you means to do the right thing, and all's straight and above-board."

"What else can it be? But I have no time to talk now; I must go and see your employer. Meantime, consult Alphonse, and let my wishes be attended to."

An hour after, saw the Duke rein up at Mr. Morton's door, but as he had been told before, the lawyer was out; his managing clerk was ill, and his partner a man whom his Grace hated; and therefore, sorely against his inclination (but he knew there was not a moment to lose,) the peer rode a few yards lower down the street to Messrs. Wild, his creditor's solicitors.

Here he was received with all possible courtesy; but although the head of the firm listened deferentially to his visitor's explanation, and expressed the greatest regret at the steps his clients had instructed him to make, he would not agree to Carlisle's proposal to withdraw the execution, and take a bill for the debt and costs; because, as he hinted in the most delicate manner imaginable, his Grace's difficulties were so well known, that it was to be feared others might take the same measures he had been compelled to adopt, and then, however well disposed, be would be unable to pay.

Chafing with rage that he dared not show, the peer alluded to his approaching marriage with an heiress—without, of course, mentioning the lady's name. But the Duke of Carlisle's marriage with first one heiress and then another, had been so often talked of and speculated upon before, that Mr. Wild, although he offered his congratulations, believed no syllable of it.

By and by, however, in a moment of extreme irritation, his Grace uttered the name of Lyle; and repeating it, surprisedly, Mr. Wild said,

"Lyle, of Leigh Abbey, Leicestershire? I beg your pardon, my lord, is that the lady—the only child of the late Mr. Henry Lyle—whom you are about to marry?"

"Yes," replied Carlisle, haughtily; for believing there was no hope of bringing the lawyer to his terms, he resumed the hauteur which was natural to him.

"Indeed! May I presume to inquire if the happy day is fixed?"

"Allow me to answer the question by asking another. Why do you wish to know?"

"Simply, because if it is, I see a way of relieving you from the present annoyance."

"How?"

"Thus. I know the Leigh property very well—so well, that I should feel perfectly justified in accepting the security you offer my client, from the husband of the lady owning it; and as I should like to do you a service, if I could, in return for your good offices, should I ever venture to ask them, I am willing to take upon myself the responsibility of accepting the bill, and removing the officers, as soon as you write me a letter, saying that the wedding-day is fixed, and pledging yourself to the truth of the statement."

"You know the property?"

"I was born upon it, and served my clerkship in the office of the late Mr. Lyle's solicitors."

"You will not think it necessary to mention this matter to them?" asked the nobleman, in sudden alarm.

"Certainly not. It is the business of the lady's guardians to ask and tell; not mine, who am neither concerned for her nor them."

"You would not object to be?"

"No man objects to a new client with such a rent-roll as Miss Lyle's."

"Or the Duke of Carlisle's, when it is free, as it soon will be?"

It was a clever feeler, this careless question of the Duke's, but it did not quite do all he expected.

The crafty man of fashion had to do with a crafty man of business, who, although he saw his way to a first-rate agency tolerably clearly, if only he could make himself useful to the Duke, was yet "too wide awake" to be led away from the duties of the present, by hopes of the future.

So after a little more civil talk, it was arranged that one hour after the receipt by Mr. Wild of a letter from the Duke, stating the day of his marriage, the bailiffs should be recalled, and Carlisle House freed from their presence.

And this it was that took Carlisle so early to Mr. Stanhope's, and made him receive the intelligence of Beatrice's indisposition so angrily.

For a little while he managed to be tolerably civil to the old Countess of Eversdale and her daughter, receiving and replying to their congratulations as amiably as he could; but the very first moment it was possible he escaped from them, and going up to Mrs. Stanhope, asked aloud for the honor of a few minutes' conversation in her boudoir, saying, as he saw the words of excuse shape themselves upon Ada's blanched lips,

"Lady Everdale will hardly pardon me, I am sure. She will understand how anxious I am to learn Miss Lyle's state exactly."

"Of course—of course! Pray make no apologies! I am only distressed to hear the dear girl is so indisposed. Do not stand upon ceremony with us, I beg."

And bowing low in acknowledgment, the courtier opened the door for his hostess to pass through, and following her to her boudoir, closed the portal sharply, saying, in a voice of suppressed rage,

"What is all this about, Ada?—what does it mean?"

"What?"

"This tale of Beatrice's illness. She was well enough yesterday."

"You are mistaken. She has not been well for some time."

"I have seen nothing to the contrary."

"You have not paid much attention to her looks, then. She is pale and wan as a spectre."

"What for? What the deuce is it for? What is to make her pale? If she is ill, why don't you call in Chambers or Halford?"

"They could do no good, and would only ask awkward questions."

"About what?"

"The heavy eyes and attenuated frame, which are so unnatural in a young and happy girl. Oh, Carlisle,"—and tears crowded to her eyes,—"we are doing a most wretched thing!"

"Are we? Well, it's rather too late now to find that out."

"Oh, no, no! It can never be too late to see evil, and amend it."

"Perhaps not. But as I have done no evil, I have none to amend. I meant to marry Beatrice, and I shall do so."

Mrs. Stanhope sighed heavily. She knew of old how useless was all pleading and entreaty; she was silent, therefore, and the Duke continued,

"I must see her immediately."

"Impossible! You heard her message? She is ill, and has retired for the night."

"I don't believe a word of it."

"My lord!"—and a bright flush of indignation dried the tears in Ada's eyes, as she drew herself haughtily erect.

"Oh, I do not mean to say you have invented the tale; so you may spare yourself the trouble of heroics."

"Then, if not me, who?"

"How should I know? Beatrice herself, perhaps."

"She is incapable of falsehood; and the very suspicion that she could use it in this instance, proves your consciousness that she wishes to avoid you."

"If so, I know to whom I am indebted for it, and shall be at no loss how to make a fitting return."

"If you intend that as a threat, let me repeat once more, and for the last time, that it is needless and useless. What I have promised to do, I will do, and no more. All the threats you could use would not terrify me into influencing Beatrice in the least. If she marries you, it will be of her own free will—if she refuses, it will be the same."

"You carry it bravely."

"Say, rather, desperately. I am miserable—sick at heart of the hollow life I lead—the treacherous eminence from which I may at any moment be hurled down with ignominy—the hateful thrall, which, tyrant-like, you strain into my very soul. For Adela's sake, I will endure it patiently—will not voluntarily bring destruction upon myself; but not even for her, will I lure Beatrice to ruin, or persuade her to act against her own conviction."

"As you please; but, by the by, this conviction reminds me of something I had forgotten to tell you before. You remember Leslie Grant's wife?"

"Yes; the—" Mrs. Stanhope hesitated.

"The divorcee! Yes, the pretty, silly girl, who ran off with handsome George Finney, and was divorced. The same."

"I recollect."

"I should think so; and how lovely and popular she was—all London running after her. Well, you would not know her now."

"Have you seen her?"

"Yes."

"When? Is she in England? I thought she was in Paris."

"She was."

"Was?"

"Yes. She was under the lamps of the Haymarket last night."

"Good heavens!"

"And asked me for a shilling for gin."

"Impossible! But tell me, where she is, that I may send her some money."

"Nonsense! you must do no such thing."

"Why not? I knew her well once."

"So did I—so did a thousand others; but we can't afford to set the world at defiance by knowing her now. No, she is only reaping what she has sown, and must perish alone. The sentence which divorced her, shut her out from society and sympathy for ever. Were she, even in the agonies of death, to send for her once dearest friend, she must be refused."

"Monstrous!"

"Very likely, but such is the world's law. Better be a felon than a divorcee."

Ada was silent.

"Am I not right? Remember all you have known, and reflect upon their fate. Lady Sundown, Mrs. Burgoyne, Mrs. Armstrong; that pretty German girl who married Henry Anson, and went off with his cousin; Maria Cavendish, this very Mrs. Grant, and a host of others. Is there one who has not come to misery, suicide, starvation, and ruin?"

"Lady Sundown was innocent."

"Ah, yes, I remember—the letters were forged, or something of the sort; but what did that matter? The law and the world had judged and cast her out; and when it was discovered that their verdict was in the meantime wrong, it was too late—she had died of shame and a broken heart. No, rely upon it, there is nothing to be done for Mrs. Grant but to let her die; and the sooner the better, for her own sake."

A few minutes' pause, to let this terrible history sink into Ada's mind, and the Duke resumed, quietly, "Now will you let me see Beatrice?"

"She is ill—gone to bed."

"I should like to be convinced of it."

"How?"

"Go to her room yourself, and see. You will not deceive me *now*"—and he laid a strong emphasis upon the word. "You will not desire to add another to the ranks of which Ellen Grant is not the most degraded."

"But—"

"Pardon me, this is no case for buts. You have said rash things to-night, and for this once I forget them; but repeat, or act upon them, and our old friend shall have a companion. Now suffer me to light a taper."

And taking a golden toy which stood upon one of the smaller marble slabs, he lighted the little candle, handed it to Mrs. Stanhope, and opening the door, stood aside that she might pass out.

For half a minute she hesitated, then went on, for what else could she do? Passion she might have defied, entreaties she would have refused; but this calm decision, taking her obedience for granted, and giving her no alternative, as it were, but forcing her onward by the mere power of a strong will, subdued her.

Alas for Ada's good resolutions!

So, despite all she had said, and notwithstanding the hatred and contempt of her tyrant and herself, which half maddened her, Ada took the candle and went on the Duke's errand.

Without meeting even a servant, Mrs. Stanhope passed up the great stairs, and through the long corridors up to her niece's room. As she had expected, it was in total darkness; and shading her taper with her hand, she advanced with stealthy steps to the bed.

Beatrice lay in a heavy sleep, her luxuriant hair thrown carelessly and unconfined upon the pillow; one fair hand, on which glittered her mother's seal ring, lying on the counterpane, the other resting under a cheek almost as colorless as itself. Her eyelids were swollen with weeping, and tears still hung upon their thick lashes.

As her aunt stood gazing on her with an aching heart, the poor girl murmured faintly in her dream, "Mother, mother, where are you?"

Like one stricken suddenly with palsy, Mrs. Stanhope trembled from head to foot, and her hand fell from before the candle.

Disturbed by the strong light, the sleeper moved uneasily, but still her dream went on unbroken, and she cried piteously, "Oh, mother, mother, save me!"

Inexpressibly touched, and feeling almost as if, in the presence of her child, she stood before the dead to render up an account of the trust she had betrayed, Ada tottered to a chair that was at hand, but ere she reached it, the sad, wailing cry, "Oh, mother, mother!" fell upon her ear, and unable to bear it longer, she turned from the room and fled.

Carlisle stood behind the table, examining a "Book of Beauty," when she entered; then raising his head quickly, asked, "Well, can I see her?"

"Oh, heavens, no!"

"Why, what's the matter? Is she really ill? Speak! You are as white as ashes!"

"I well may be."

"Why? why? Is she ill?"

"I don't know. She sleeps, and in her dreams"—and again Ada shook in every limb—"she calls upon her mother for safety!"

"Pshaw! and is that all—talking in her sleep? I thought she was in a fever, at the least! Then, I suppose she really has gone to bed?"

Mrs. Stanhope nodded—she could not talk.

"Perdition!" muttered the Peer, after a few minutes' silent reflection upon the state of affairs at home, and his unwelcome guests there. "What am I to do now? Those fellows won't go out unless I comply with Wild's conditions; and if their visit gets known, there's an end to everything. I must see her to-morrow, ill or well."

Then, rising, he said, aloud,

"If Beatrice is asleep, of course I cannot see her, but it is absolutely necessary that I should do so to-morrow. She must fix the day for our marriage, which, if it takes place at all, must be within five weeks."

"Impossible!"

"Very well; you know the consequences?"

"You are unreasonable. How, even if Beatrice would consent to so brief a notice, could all the preparations be completed in the time?"

"Easily. Money will do anything. Do you only secure her, and I will attend to the rest. In Paris, with or without a wife, I must be this day six weeks; and if I leave England unmarried, it will be for an indefinite period, and your letters, with the rest of my affairs, will fall into unfriendly hands, and the result be such as you may easily conceive.

"But what can I do? I have no power, no influence over Beatrice, sufficient to prevail upon her to yield to such an unheard-of proposal!"

"That is unlucky both for you and me, since what I have told you must be, and cannot be helped or avoided."

"Say five months instead of five weeks, and I may succeed."

"I cannot."

"Then I can do nothing."

"Well, if you can't, you can't! You will, at any rate, have the satisfaction of feeling hereafter, when the worst befalls, that you did all you could to arrest it. Now, good night. Make what apologies you can to the Eversdales. I am in no mood to join them again, and to-morrow I will call to learn what you have done."

A hasty nod, and he was gone.

Mrs. Stanhope sprang after him, crying, "Carlisle! Carlisle!"

But he did not, or would not hear.

"Carlisle!"

Still no reply, and in a minute after the heavy hall door shut loudly, and the wretched woman knew that she was alone, the punishment for past sins creeping with giant strides upon her. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

CURIOUS DISCOVERY AS TO SPIRALS.—It is a well-known fact that certain plants tend to spiral action, some to the right, others to the left. We are of opinion that a new light will be shed upon these tendencies by a discovery announced by the foreign secretary of the Royal Society at their meeting recently. The discovery referred to has been made by Professor Wiedemann in a series of interesting experiments on the magnetisation of iron and steel. The professor has discovered that, if an iron wire be twisted during, or even after, the passage of a voltaic current through it, the wire becomes magnetic. When the wire is twisted in the manner of a right-handed screw, the point at which the current enters become a south pole: in the opposite case it becomes a north pole. If, during the passage of the current, the wire be twisted in opposite directions, the polarity changes with the direction of the twist: if it be twisted in opposite directions after the interruption of the current, the magnetism produced by the first twisting rapidly diminishes.

COMPARATIVE POPULARITY OF BOOKS.—The following table, which is taken from a circulation of nearly a quarter of a million of books at Manchester, may afford some idea of the description of works chiefly read by members. It will be seen that works of fiction constitute one-third of the whole, whilst the addition of periodicals brings it up to more than one-half:—

Theology,	3.10	per cent.
Philosophy—Education	3.15	"
Politics—Statistics	0.75	"
History—Biography	12.60	"
Voyages and travels	3.35	"
Poetry—the Drama	3.45	"
Fiction	33.90	"
Fine Arts—Literature	8.10	"
Science	3.85	"
Natural History—Gardening	2.45	"
Bound Periodicals	9.72	"
Unbound ditto	13.58	"
	100.00	"

KILL YOUR FISH.—Epicures who have travelled in Holland are perplexed in accounting for the superiority of the flavor of the fish brought to table in that country, although caught in the same waters, and cooked in the same manner, as fish at home. The secret of this superiority appears to reside in the fact that the Dutch fishermen kill their fish as soon as caught, without leaving them to struggle for a longer or shorter time in the agonies of death, which tends so greatly to their deterioration as food. With this in view, it is the duty of a boy attached to each fishing-boat to make an incision with a sharp knife, near the tail of each fish, which is the means of speedily terminating its death-struggles. This is the mode in which large fish are treated. Smaller fish are pierced through the head with a sharp awl, which is more expeditious, but equally effectual, to the object in view.

THE YELVERTON MARRIAGE CASE.

Extraordinary Trial and Excitement.

The trial, which commenced on the 21st ult., one of the most extraordinary and exciting cases which has been before the courts for a long time, was brought to a close on the 4th inst., by the rendition of a verdict in favor of the plaintiff. The suit was brought by a Mr. Thelwell, to recover from Major Yelverton the sum of £259, advanced to Mrs. Yelverton, on the ground that she was the wife of the former. The London Star gives the following summary of the facts of the case, as brought out by the trial:—

Between eight and nine years ago, the Boulogne packet boat was on its way to Dover. It was a sultry evening in August, and the ladies and gentlemen on board passed the night on deck. Of these, one lady and gentleman sat side by side. The gentleman folded his plaid and laid it across the knees of himself and his fair companion. An odic force was communicated through the innocent woollen, and from that moment a mixed *rapport* of magnetism and love was established between them. Miss Teresa Longworth—for that was the lady's name—seems to have been fascinated by the odic force of Major Yelverton, who was no doubt personally an agreeable and, to a lady, a lovable man. He was, besides, heir apparent to the Earldom of Avonmere. Miss Longworth belonged to what is called a good family in Lancashire, was educated from infancy in a French convent, had lived little at home, but much abroad on visits to relatives and friends. Her allowance from her family was two hundred pounds sterling a year.

Twelve months after the *rapport* in the Boulogne boat the influence began to operate. Major Yelverton was stationed at Malta: Miss Longworth set off for Italy. She seems to have been attracted by him. "My recollections of him," she says, "were agreeable, and I had a vague desire to have further acquaintance." Her cousin was Consul at Mobastir, in Albania, and wishing to send him a letter, Miss Longworth with the assistance of her Naples banker, and of St. Anthony, the patron of Italian postmen, could see no readier method of doing so than by enclosing the letter in one to Major Yelverton, with a request to him to post it at Malta. The correspondence thus opened was warmly continued on both sides, but it was not until 1855 that the Major and the lady again met. In that year he was with his regiment in the Crimea, and again the odic force, assuming unconsciously to its object the form of charity, drew Miss Longworth to his vicinity.

Among the lady nurses toiling in the hospitals of Galata, she was visited by the Major, who renewed his expressions of attachment, and proposed a secret marriage. Miss Longworth was willing to marry, but rejected the condition of secresy. But why secresy? This: the Major was in difficulties about what he called the *pecunia*, and had promised his brother, on whom he was dependant, not to marry any lady except one who could pay his debts. Did he mean to deceive the lady by a false marriage, or were his intentions honorable? His subsequent conduct must decide. Miss Longworth would not listen to secresy. In 1857 Major Yelverton was in Edinburg, and Miss Longworth, who had returned from the Crimea the year before, was again attracted to his vicinity, and visited the capital of the north. Here he renewed proposals for a secret marriage, and spoke of the facility of the Scotch law to tie the knot. She, too, must have become more facile, for she joined him in reading together a marriage formula, but did not go further, and fled when he desired to consummate the union. Bred a Catholic, she could see no validity or sanctity in a marriage not performed in the face of the church.

Finally, in August of 1857, she assented to the pledge of secresy, he, on his part, acquiescing in a marriage by a Catholic priest. They were so married at Rostrevor, in Ireland, and entered on the fruition of their love—happiness, according to the lady, entire and unbounded, in which everything on earth became indifferent but their two selves; when he said she was "the dearest small tool-tool that ever lived, and she thought "that there was not in the wide, wide world another Carlo like hers." In a few months, however, circumstances were thought by her to render the maintenance of secresy respecting the marriage no longer possible, and then it appeared that considerations touching his *pecunia* and his family were paramount in Major Yelverton's mind over regard for his wife's reputation as an honorable woman. "The cat must be kept in the bag just now," he writes to her, "for if the fiery devil gets out now she'll explode a precious mine, and blow us all to the dickens." By mingled threats and persuasion he brought his wife to respect the secret.

In 1858 they travelled abroad as husband and wife. She fell seriously ill at Bordeaux, where he left her, to rejoin his regiment. Here she was exposed to the distress of being considered his "companion." On her recovery and return to England, she wrote to Major Yelverton a touching letter, which he left unanswered. She communicated the fact of the marriage to his family, and the catastrophe which his heartlessness had prepared followed. Open repudiation was afterward confirmed by a second marriage with a lady, who, it is presumed, was able to pay his debts; and now Mrs. Teresa Yelverton, as she claims to be, appears in Court to support a demand against him, made by one of her friends, for necessaries supplied to her.

The greatest excitement prevailed throughout the whole trial, which continued from the 21st of February to the 4th of March. The jury returned a verdict that there was both a Scotch and Irish marriage, and that the defendant was a Roman Catholic for twelve months before. Upon the verdict being rendered, an extraordinary scene of excitement ensued. Hats and handkerchiefs were waved, the members of the bar stood up and joined heartily in the public manifestations of delight; many of them actually took off their wigs and waved them with energy. The excitement inside communicated to those outside, and people, yelling and cheering, rushed in every direction.

Crowd crushed after crowd to obtain a look at the great woman who had fought so nobly for her honor and for her sex, and who had won the fight. The people insisted that they should draw her in triumph to her hotel. Many sought to have the honor of saying that they assisted in drawing home the Hon. Mrs. Yelverton after she had gained the victory, but they were crushed off by the masses of the people who were pushing their way to the chariot, which stood in the western courtyard. About seven o'clock the Hon. Mrs. Yelverton, on issuing from the court to take her place in the carriage, was received with vehement cheering. At the hotel the crowd insisted upon the lady's appearance. She complied, and on the balcony addressed it as follows:

"My noble-hearted friends, you have made me this day an Irishman, by the verdict that I am the wife of an Irishman. (Vehement cheering.) I glory to belong to such a noble hearted nation. (Great cheering.) You will live in my heart forever, as I have lived in your hearts this day. (Tremendous applause.) I am too weak to say all that my heart desires, but you will accept the gratitude of a heart that was made sad, and is now made glad. (Loud cheers.) Farewell for the present, but forever I belong in heart and soul to the people of Dublin."

After giving an outline of the story as above, the London Times comments as follows on the case:

Such is an outline of this extraordinary case, and in weighing the evidence on either side it is difficult to pronounce a judgment. There are some improbabilities in the lady's story, especially as regarded the alleged Scotch marriage; but on this and other important points she was well corroborated by facts and witnesses, and during a long and severe examination she was not shaken in a single particular. In finding for her the jury have probably come to a sound conclusion, though their verdict can have no effect on the principal point in issue. On the other hand, the case of Yelverton was obviously antecedently improbable, and that in a very remarkable degree. It rested in the main on his own statements, with every possible motive for falsehood; and it broke down in its vital point—the assertion of a cohabitation for a fortnight before the marriage in Ireland. As regards the actors in this woful drama, it is easy to form an estimate of them. The man who, in his own words, conceived "the idea" of a systematic seduction—committed, if we may credit himself, a most abominable outrage upon a lady who had just been the guest of his superior officer—profaned a solemn and most holy rite for the vile purpose of fraud and sensuality—abandoned his victim in the hour of her peril, with hints about "avoiding an event" which may well bear a terrible interpretation—and finally crowned the climax of his deeds by ruining, through his contact, another woman—we may leave to his self-inflicted misery. With his own counsel, we simply give him up, and can only suppose, in the public interest, that his name will soon disappear from the *Army List*. But what shall we write about his partner in this dark history of folly and ruin, who now floats a wreck on a sea of misfortunes by reason, in part, of her own failings, and whose very success must cause her the keenest anguish? We may lament her wrongs and sufferings, but cannot conceal from ourselves the fact that they principally arise from her own misconduct. Let us take it that she was technically chaste, and that she never cohabited with Yelverton till after the secret marriage in Ireland. But was her behavior, even from the first, in accordance with feminine propriety, and is it not plain, that through all these years it was she who was really following Yelverton, not Yelverton who was seeking her in marriage? This, indeed, is the only possible plea which can be urged in excuse of his misdeeds.

A correspondent of the Cork Southern Reporter writes:—Major Yelverton, in his cross examination, is reported to have said that, without gentle blood, there could be no lady. Education, virtue, accomplishments, religion, were nothing without the gentle blood. Well, perhaps his blood is most gentle, since his great-grandfather had a butcher's stall in the town of Newcastle, county Limerick, and his grandfather married his own cook; so, between the butcher and the cook, his blood must be the real *sangue azuleo* (blue blood) of the Spaniard.

GALLANTRY OF COL. SUMNER.

The Mac-a-Cheek Press relates this instance of the courage and gallantry of Col. Sumner, late companion of Mr. Lincoln on his journey to Washington:

In the summer of 1855 he was sent to Europe on a special mission connected with the War Department, and made at the same time bearer of dispatches to our Legation of Madrid, by Governor Marcy, the then Secretary of State.

Colonel Sumner's dispatches referred to the Black Warrior affair, and Col. Sumner proceeded at once to deliver them to Mr. Soule, our Minister.

The Colonel was presented, of course, to the Queen of Spain, and said some handsome things to her Majesty, which Mr. Soule's ready wit and oily tongue made very sparkling in the translation from English into Spanish. The Queen was struck. We would not be considered extravagant by those knowing the parties and remembering the Colonel's tall, handsome person and soldierly address, and the susceptibility of her Majesty, to say that the Queen was smitten.

That same afternoon the Colonel received a polite note from her Majesty, inviting him to a little supper, in the gardens of the Palace, to which only her intimate friends and associates were admitted.

"Ah! this is a compliment—a high honor," said Mr. Soule.

"Well, sir," responded the Colonel, "at what hour precisely shall I go?"

"But you will not go?" said Soule.

"Why not?"

"Those Spaniards are very much excited about this Cuban business; hate us Americans; and if you go near the Palace after night, you will be watched, followed, and assassinated. I dare not do such a thing."

"Mr. Soule," responded Col. Sumner, with emphasis, "when a pretty woman invites me to supper, I go, assassination or no assassination."

The Colonel was as good as his word. At the proper time he tucked his sword under his arm, and drove away. He appeared the next morning at breakfast in his usual health and spirits. Such men are seldom assassinated.

BOLD ATTEMPT AT BANK ROBBERY.—The New York Exchange Bank, at the corner of Greenwich and Dye Streets, was entered by burglars after the building was closed on Saturday. The robbers hired a cellar adjoining the bank about a month since, for which they paid $1,100 rent. They dug down and went under ground about *seventy* feet until they came under the vault of the bank. They then dug up and took away the foundation of the vault, which was constructed of stone and iron, and succeeded in getting into the outer portion, but they failed in breaking through the inside iron chest, and hence failed to get much plunder.

There was a small box on the top of the safe containing $1,000 in Western funds, which the robbers carried away. It belonged to Mr. A. L. Peck, a broker doing business under the Howard House. There were between $400,000 and $500,000 in funds and securities in the safe. The robbers were well provided with tools for the burglary.—The collection includes jack-screws, drills, "jimmies"—all new and in the best order, and two or three partially emptied whiskey bottles.

This attempt at entering the bank vault is one of the most daring on record, and shows a skill and patience on the part of the operators seldom equalled. Those who were favored with a view of the herculean undertaking, while surprised at its magnitude, could not avoid expressing their astonishment that a work of such extent could have been prosecuted without causing noise sufficient to have attracted the attention of the occupants of the building under which the burglars passed.

☞ EFFECT OF HOOPS.—Physicians have lately remarked an extraordinary increase in pelvic diseases among females, which can be attributed to no other cause than to the great weight of crinoline, &c., suspended about the hips. This continuous bearing down induces a host of painful and complicated disorders, which are mostly beyond the skill of the surgeon, and consigns their patients to a reclining posture for the best part of their lives.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Africa arrived at New York on the 31st with dates to the 17th.

The Duchess of Kent, mother of Queen Victoria, died on Saturday, the 16th inst., after a serious illness.

The London Times askes where the Confederate States are to negotiate the proposed loan, seeing that one fifth of their population is pledged to repudiation. The Times says that President Davis is the man who laughed at the dupes in the Mississippi bonds.

The case of the Hungarian bank notes in the Court of Equity, in which the Emperor of Austria and M. Kossuth are plaintiff and defendant, came up on the 14th of March, but was postponed till the next term.

The Kolokol of the 15th of March announces the complete triumph of the party of emancipation in Russia. The law has passed in the Council of State. All the land cultivated by the peasants is conceded to them, and not the fourth part as was stated. The manifest will appear on the 24th of March. The opposition of the Russian nobles has been furious, and the Emperor has displayed astonishing energy. He was actively supported in the Council only by the Grand Duke Constantine; Bloudoff, President of the Council; Lanskoy, Minister of the Interior; Chefkin, Minister of the Public Roads; and the Secretary of the State, Bachtin.

The citadel of Messina surrendered to the Sardinian troops on the 13th inst.

The Sardinian Minister of War is said to have decided on razing the fortifications of Gaeta to the ground.

In the Italian Chamber of Deputies, Zanolini, President by seniority, made a speech, in which he expressed the hope that Rome was about to be made the capital of Italy, and that the deliverance of Venice was approaching. He also eulogized Garibaldi.

Count Cavour, in presenting a project of law proclaiming the kingdom of Italy, said: "Italy is completing the work of her constitution, and is making herself one country by her laws and institutions as she is already one by language. On the opening of Parliament you saluted Victor Emmanuel under the new title which Italy, from Turin to Palermo, has accorded him. You will confirm it, as the Senate has done, by your universal suffrages.

A telegram from Rome says the Duke de Grammont had been charged to announce to the Pope that the Emperor Napoleon disavowed the speech of Prince Napoleon in the French Senate.

There were reports at Rome that the Sardinians would be in that city on the 18th of March.

The Queen of Spain is said to have offered the Pope her royal palace at Madrid, but the Pope announced his intention of remaining at Rome.

An elaborate system of opposition against the new government of Italy had come to light in the shape of a long series of instructions to confessors, in which almost every form of opposition to Victor Emmanuel's rule is insisted upon as a religious duty.

Cardinal Antonelli had sent a dispatch to the Pontifical Chargé d'Affaires in Paris, replying to M. de la Guerroniere's late pamphlet. He boldly charges the Emperor with being the cause of all the troubles which beset the government of the Holy See.

The gift of a piece of land by Garibaldi, for an English church at Naples, had been approved by the Prince Lieutenant-General.

The drafts of the Ottoman Government for £400,000, on M. Miros, which matured on the 12th, were duly provided for.

POLAND.—All continued quiet at Warsaw, but late advices assert that the agitation, though "muffled," was on the increase. Russian troops continued to arrive.

Subscriptions for a monument to the victims of the 27th of February reached a considerable sum.

It was stated that the movement commenced at Warsaw was becoming general in Poland. In Lithuania and the Ruthenian provinces adhesions to the address got up in Warsaw were being everywhere sent in.

The Austrian journals were showing a very hostile spirit towards Russia in regard to the Warsaw disturbances.

General Magendorff arrived at Warsaw on the 13th, the bearer of the Emperor's reply to the address of the Polish citizens. A separate council of state has been granted by the Emperor to the kingdom of Poland, of which Zomoisky has been appointed President.

The Polish deputation said that they had accepted the Emperor's rescript, but were far from being satisfied.

THE MARKETS.—March 16.—Cotton is buoyant, at an advance of ⅛d.

Breadstuffs firm. Flour firm, at an advance of 3d. on the week. Wheat has advanced 1d, chiefly on fine qualities. Provisions quiet.

☞ The geographical limits of a race, cannot be passed with impunity. You can no more permanently transplant a man to another climate than a tree. Taking the homes of the ruling nations of the earth, we can ascertain the limits of the climate most favorable to human development. I shall not designate it by parallels of latitudes, but would suggest a mean temperature of seventy degrees as the southern limit, and forty degrees as the northern limit of the zone, or from the commencement of the orange tree on the South to the disappearance of the oak in the North.—*Bayard Taylor.*

☞ At a dinner party Erskine was seated near Miss Henrietta ——, commonly called Miss Hennie, who had been celebrated for her beauty, but was then somewhat past the meridian of life. "They say, you're a great man for making puns," said Miss Hennie to the wit. "Could you make a pun on me?" "Ah, *Hennie*," was the cruel reply, "you are no *chicken!*"

☞ The great novelist, Dickens, indulges in some peculiarities; a flag waves above his house-top, like the Queen's over Buckingham Palace, as a signal to all interested, that the distinguished occupant is at home.

☞ Senator Wade, in answer to an applicant for a consulship for which "nobody was asking," said:

"There is no such consulship on this planet. You may find it on some fixed star, not here."

☞ Happiness must arise from our own temper and actions, and not immediately from any external conditions.

☞ It is remarkable that since the organization of the Government, there has never been a child born in the Presidential mansion to any President of the United States.

☞ An argumentative man, who wastes his energies in arguing every little trifle, is like a Chinese juggler who spends a life in practising how to balance a peacock's feather upon his nose.

☞ To ladies only—In love's archery, the beau should not be overbent, lest he snap.

THE SENATE ADJOURNED.—On the 28th Mr. Trumbull, of Illinois, offered the following resolution:—

Resolved, That in the opinion of the Senate the true way to preserve the Union is to enforce the laws of the Union; that resistance to their enforcement, whether made under the name of anti-coercion or any other name, is encouragement to disunion; and that it is the duty of the President to use all the means in his power to hold and protect the public property of the United States, and enforce the laws thereof, as well in the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana and Texas, as with the other States of the Union.

Mr. Hale, of New Hampshire, wished to say that while he was a member of the Senate he was ready to give the President exactly that advice which belonged to the position which his constituents had assigned him in the form and mode prescribed by the Constitution, and agreeably to the usages of the Senate; therefore, he was not prepared at this very late day of the session to interpose his advice to the President on the great question which presents itself to the country.

Mr. Powell, of Kentucky, referred to the President's recent message, in which the latter had said that it would be incompatible with the public interest to communicate Major Anderson's despatches to the War Department. His object in calling for the information was to vindicate Major Anderson's reputation, which had been assailed by an article in a prominent Republican newspaper, claiming to be predicated on his despatches. Major Anderson belonged to his State of Kentucky, and was a gallant, true, and honest man. He repeated that he wanted the official despatches published in order to show that Major Anderson has not misrepresented the facts relative to his true condition as to supplies.

Mr. Breckenridge and the Democratic side desired a vote on Mr. Trumbull's resolution, but, on motion of Mr. Sumner, the Senate went into Executive Session. Yeas, 25; (all Republicans except Johnson;) nays 11, (all Democrats save Trumbull and Wade.)

After the session, the Committee reporting that the President had no further communication to make, the Senate adjourned *sine die*.

JUGGED HARE A LA FRANCAISE.—How they must shudder—they who are wont to order jugged hare in the Paris *restaurants*—when they read the subjoined:—"An elderly married female of the name of Piot, and a well-dressed man, appeared, a short time ago, before the Tribunal of Correctional Police of Lyons, and the former, with tears, said—'I complain of this man for having made a civet of Juliette.' 'Juliette! What do you mean?' asked the President. 'My cat, my poor cat, sir! This person, who is a friend of my husband's, came to see us on Christmas eve, and Juliette having jumped on his knees, he said—"Madame, she is a beautiful angora, and so fat that she would make an excellent civet!" "Ah, yes," cried my husband, "and her skin would form an excellent muff for my wife." Some time after we sat down to supper, and the man insisted on offering us a civet, which was very good. But when, after supper, I sought for my cat, she could not be found, and, after a while, I discovered that this man had secretly killed, skinned, and cooked her, and that she, in fact, formed the savory dish of which we had partaken. I was horrified at such an abominable act, and—and I—' Here the woman burst into a new flood of tears, which prevented her continuing her narrative. The defendant, who seemed rather ashamed of his position, admitted that, in connivance with the woman's husband, he had killed the cat and served it up for supper, but he protested that he had only done so as a good joke. The President told him that to kill domestic animals belonging to other persons is an offence in law, and fined him 30 francs."

IMPORTANT FROM CUBA—SPANISH ATTEMPT TO ANNEX ST. DOMINGO, AND POSSIBLY HAYTI.—NEW YORK, March 29.—The steamship Quaker City arrived this evening from Havana, from which port she sailed on Monday last.

Much excitement prevails at Havana on the subject of the annexation of St. Domingo to Spain.

It seems that a system of Spanish emigration has been going on at that island, under the supervision of the Government, the emigrants being instructed to hoist the Spanish flag when the proper time arrived, and they had gained sufficient strength in numbers, and then invoke the protection of Spain.

This was done on the 16th inst., much to the astonishment of the blacks and natives there.

When the news reached Havana, the Spanish frigate Bianca, fully armed, and with a large number of regular troops, was despatched thither, sailing on the 23rd. Two screw frigates were soon to follow with 5,000 regulars. A large naval and military force of 10,000 men, is said to be on the way from Spain to Cuba.

It is said that Hayti will soon share the same fate as San Domingo, with the consent of France.

The United States steamer Mohawk arrived at Havana on Sunday last.

Business at Havana was depressed. A million dollars are said to be en route from Spain to aid the metallic circulation of the Island of Cuba.

THE EMPRESS OF FRANCE.—The Empress Eugenie is in state of perpetual terror about the condition of her soul. Her mind is tottering. At one moment she is for setting out on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, at another she is absorbed in all the mysteries of spirit rapping; then the Emperor finds her in a state of nervous affection, as if life were an absolute burden to her. The priests have told her that Providence has assigned to her a grand *role*. It was for this that she was rescued in that terrible hour of agony when it became a question whether the Cæsarian operation must not be performed, and it is for this she lives at the present hour. But the poor soul is fairly bewildered with all that is told her; and while she loves the Emperor and her little child with her whole strength, she is in doubt whether she ought not to desert both—throne and all—for the sake of the sacred Vicar of Christ.

FAMINE IN INDIA.—The famine in India is desolating the north-western provinces for a thousand miles in extent. Bombay papers to the 12th of February contain the following:

"Horrible accounts reach us from the north-west provinces of human beings dying at the rate of 400 or 500 a day; while the desolation is not even limited to the vast expanse of country from Lucknow to Lahore, for tales are now told equally appalling of the extremities to which the population of the native State of Travancore, in the south of India, are reduced by the drought, which has caused all the fruits of the earth to wither. According to a Cochin newspaper, mothers in Travancore are selling their children as slaves for 6d. each, that they may have wherewith to purchase bread, if only for a single day."

THE Savannah merchants are complaining of having to pay 5 per cent. for specie to pay their duties—this, in view of the surplus of specie in all the northern cities, they think rather hard.

NEWS ITEMS.

BEWARE OF COBWEBS.—An acquaintance of ours happening into the wine cellar of one of our large liquor dealers the other day, found boys employed in enveloping bottles of wine with cobwebs, so as to convince the customers that their wines were old, from the webs which had accumulated upon the bottles. This is the last way of *ageing* wine which has come to our knowledge. It goes far ahead of the old plan of smoking the labels upon the bottles.

SIR RODERICK MURCHISON, at a late meeting of the Ethnological Society, said there were now living in the forests of Poland animals which have hitherto been supposed to be extinct.

THE Paris Constitutionnel, piqued at the disdainful manner in which the Marquis de Larochejaquelin speaks of the press, tells the story that only a few months ago he condescended to come to their office to beg for a notice of a pamphlet of his, and said, "Do speak of it. Praise or blame, just as you like, but say something. I do not deserve the punishment of your silence."

THE Nantucket Inquirer says, in proof of the healthiness of that island, that of 600 legal voters in that town, 130 are over 70 years of age.

A WEALTHY PLANTER went mad at Jackson, Mississippi, on account of the depreciation of his negroes. Week before last he cut his throat.

AMONG the applicants for office to the new Administration, was one from a young lady off the Hudson river, asking for her lover the post of keeper of a light-house, promising that in the event of the appointment being made, the two would be united and made happy, and she would assist in attending to the government light. Of course, the appointment was ordered to be made forthwith.

NOT long since M. Jacquet died at Rouen, leaving all his fortune to a lady in Paris. Singular to relate, the lady died about the same hour, leaving to M. Jacquet all her money. The heirs of both are to contest which was the survivor.

A PUBLIC meeting recently held in Tuscumbia, North Alabama, justified the course of their two delegates in not signing the secession ordinance, and resolved that their Congressional nominee, if elected, was to represent them in the United States Congress and not in the Congress of "this so called Southern Confederacy."

THE Paris correspondent of the Morning Herald, writing on the 1st, says:—The Bishop of Poitiers, whose somewhat profane parallel between the Emperor and Pontius Pilate has led to his prosecution, is undoubtedly a man of spirit. Yesterday (according to a private letter before me) a commissary of police waited upon him at the Episcopal palace to summon him before the prefect, in order to receive notice of the prosecution against him. The Bishop agreed to accompany him, but asked permission to dress. He presently reappeared before the eyes of the astonished official in full canonicals, with mitre and crozier, and professed his readiness to walk through the streets in that costume. The commissaire, well knowing that this would lead to a riot, muttered an excuse, and beat a precipitate retreat.

IT is said that 5,000 troops are now concentrated at Pensacola, and a speedy attack upon Fort Pickens is not improbable.

THE Stay Law recently passed by the Missouri Legislature, to prevent the collection of debts, has been declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court of that State, so far as contracts made before its passage are concerned.

NEW YORK, March 30.—The steamship Daniel Webster is signalled below. She has on board the United States troops from Texas.

TEXAS CONVENTION.—On the 23d, the Convention in committee debated the Confederate Constitution, and adopted it almost unanimously. The vote in the Convention on engrossing the ordinance ratifying the Constitution was almost unanimous.

Governor Houston and Mr. Hamilton, on the 26th ult. delivered speeches at Austin, violently denouncing the Convention and the Confederacy.

It is not true, as previously reported, that Houston has resigned his Governorship of Texas. He still claims to be Chief Executive of the State.

JUVENILE PERCEPTION.

A schoolmistress once ask'd a pupil to tell
What word the letters S double E spell?
The child was but dull, and so mistress cries,
"What is it, you dunce, I do with my eyes?"
"Oh, yes!" says the child, quickly taking the hint,
"I know the word now, ma'am, S double E *squint!*"

☞ Mr. Soerensen, the Danish typographer, and inventor of the composing machine, has recently died at the early age of forty-three. His ingenious machine, which formed one of the chief attractions of the Great Exhibition of 1851, has been employed since 1853 upon the Copenhagen newspaper, the *Fædreland*. It will compose and distribute 5,000 letters an hour with the greatest facility. This machine was the fruit of seventeen years' application. It was sold for three hundred guineas.

☞ We have a little friend of the name of Freddy, who is less than four years old. His sister, who is not quite a year old, was sitting in her father's lap one day, crying and fretting for her mother, who had gone away, when Freddy turned to her, and said, in the most earnest manner possible, "There, Alice, you've cried enough; there's no use fretting any more; mother's gone away, and father don't keep the article you want."

☞ Mr. Stammers has discovered that very good gas for illuminating purposes may be obtained from molasses, in the proportion of a cubic yard of gas from about two and a half pounds of the latter. The refuse of the beet-root employed in the manufacture of sugar also yields a good lighting gas, and, on account of its inferior price, is better adapted to that end than molasses: 225 lbs. of the beet-root refuse yields 40 cubic yards of gas, and 8 lbs. of ammoniacal solution.

ILL fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

☞ SETTLED BY STANDING.—"Sir, your account has stood for two years, and I must have it settled immediately." To which the customer replied—"Sir, things usually do settle by standing; I regret that my account is an exception. If it has been standing too long, suppose you let it run awhile."

☞ Monarchs sit in their palaces, and command sea and land; all men pay tribute to monarchs; but women make monarchs pay tribute to them.

NEWS ITEMS.

MR. WHIPPLE, the distinguished photographic artist in Boston, has been making huge glass negative pictures five feet by four.

THE new patent law is working very satisfactorily. The change comes quite opportunely, as only $15 is now required to be paid on presenting an application. The abolition of the excessive fees heretofore required of foreigners will do much to stimulate them to introduce many valuable inventions into this country, and enable them to protect themselves against unscrupulous pirates who lay violent hands upon everything within their reach.—*Scientific American.*

As a specimen of the progress of New York toward the Parisian style of doing things, we notice the fact that the police of that city a few nights since broke up a "Drag" ball there. The peculiarity of this kind of entertainment is that it is attended by a number of depraved men, who have dressed themselves in ladies' clothes. Those who were present on the occasion mentioned were attired in gorgeous style. They wore the most costly silks and satins, and had their voluminous curls and other feminine adornments. Some of them were covered with jewelry. One man had on at least $6,000 worth of diamonds. Five females and seven males were arrested and held to bail.

EXPERIMENTS lately made at Pittsburg on the strength of iron compressed by cold rolling, showing that the operation imparts to this metal a strength of about 110,000 lbs. per square inch, when before it bore but 65,000 lbs.

PHOTOGRAPHIC pictures have lately been taken in London with Way's electric light. It is scarcely possible to detect portraits so taken from those attained with sun-light. Such pictures are sharp in outline, and the toning is said to be excellent.

No less than 1,600 steamboats run upon the Mississippi river and its tributaries. The total value of these is estimated at $60,000,000. The Mississippi drains an area of 1,200,000 square miles, washes the shores of twelve States, and from the Gulf of Florida to the source of the Missouri it is 4,500 miles in length, its average depth 50 feet, and its width over half a mile.

THE new postal laws passed by Congress provide that seeds and cuttings of plants may be sent by mail at the rate of one cent per ounce. Over 1,500 miles, two cents per ounce. Each package must not exceed 8 ounces in weight. Postage to be prepaid. Cards, prints, engravings, books and paper may also be mailed at the above rates; packages not to exceed 4 pounds. Trees, with roots attached, and saw logs, not allowed.

OIL IN NEW YORK.—A great excitement has recently sprung up among land owners and others in the counties of Western New York—especially in Erie, Chautauqua, and Niagara—on account of the discovery of deposits of oil in some localities, like those in Pennsylvania and Ohio, and indications that these underground oleaginous deposits exist all through that region of country. Extensive preparations are making to bore for oil and secure it if found, and the price of land is going up.

A GERMAN chemist has discovered a method by which he produces sterling silver at a cost of about twenty-five cents per ounce, and that a company is forming to work the discovery on a profitable scale. The appliances required are certain chemical preparations and galvanic apparatus of sufficient power to act on them. Should the experiment succeed on a large scale, the profits will be handsome, and additional weight will attach to the opinion that all metals are resolveable into two or three elements.

THE locomotives used on the Swiss railways have such names as William Tell, Stauffacher, Winkelried, Grutli, and many other such national appellations. In Italy they are called Alfieri, Dante, Tasso, Vico, Volta, Galileo, Manzoni, and so on.

THE Virginia Convention has rejected, by a unanimous vote, a proposition to adopt the Constitution of the Southern Confederacy. Even the members who desired to unite the destinies of the State with that organization, of course, felt bound in honor to first submit a secession ordinance to the people.

THE Florida Legislature have passed an act making it treason, punishable with death, to hold an office under the United States, after any collision between the Southern seceded States and the Government of our country.

ORDERS have gone West to confiscate all goods introduced through the Southern ports without the payment of the regular United States duties.

THE receipts into the United States Treasury during last week were nearly $600,000, and the net balance in hand is $1,508,000.

IT is alleged that a secret Union Club has been formed in Charleston, sworn to render assistance to the United States Government at the very first opportunity.

SPECIE MOVEMENTS.—Since the 1st of January the exports of specie from this country to foreign ports have amounted to only about a million and a half of dollars. The imports of specie, including California receipts, must have been nearly thirty millions during the same period.

NO TAXES IN ILLINOIS.—It is a fact which should be known, that no State tax is to be levied in Illinois for the next two years.

A PATENT for the use of sugar in making ale has been taken out in England, for which an enormous sum has been offered by Allsopp's house.

A RAVING LUNATIC, in an asylum in California, was restored to reason by seeing her father, from whom she had been separated.

THE ship Susan G. Owens has finally been got afloat at Charleston, and brought to the dock, but whether with the large guns said to have been aboard of her rumor does not say.

MISS MARTINEAU is a confirmed invalid, seldom moving beyond her chamber and study. She is laboring under disease of the heart, which any hour may terminate fatally. She is quite aware of her state, and finds in active intellectual exercise—in leaders for the Daily News, articles for *Once a Week*, and a volume or two on hand—her best solace.—It is said she has written a copious autobiography.

MRS. GORE, the novelist, gives a singular direction to her son in her will. It is to this effect, that "he is to prevent, as much as in his power lies, any posthumous notice, or biography, or republication of my works, and I wish him to look over and burn any of my papers, giving to his sister any object as a memorial of her mother."

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, March 30, 1861.

Alabama	7 dis.	Missouri	10 dis.
Canada	1½ dis.	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	½ dis.	New Brunswick	10 dis.
Delaware	par to ½ dis.	New Hampshire	½ dis.
Dist. of Columbia	2½ dis.	New Jersey	par to ½ dis.
Florida	— dis.	New York City	par.
Georgia	6 dis.	New York State	½ dis.
Illinois	7 dis.	North Carolina	7 dis.
Indiana	1 to 3 dis.	Nova Scotia	— dis.
Iowa	7 dis.	Ohio	1 dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania	par to ½ dis.
Kentucky	1 dis.	Rhode Island	½ dis.
Louisiana	3½ dis.	South Carolina	6 dis.
Maine	½ dis.	Tennessee	6 dis.
Maryland	to ½ dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	½ dis.	Vermont	½ dis.
Michigan	2½ dis.	Virginia	5½ dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	7 dis.
Mississippi	—		

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—There has been more activity in the market, and holders of Flour have put up their prices fully 12½c ⅌ bbl. The week's sales reach some 15,000 bbls, part taken for export, at $5@5,25 for common and choice superfine, the latter for good straight lots, which are comparatively scarce, from $5,20 up to 5,37½ for common to good Western and Penna extra; $5,50@5,75 for choice do, part Lancaster county, and $5,50@6 ⅌ bbl for extra family, according to brand and quality, and from $6,25 up to 6,75 ⅌ bbl for fancy brands, as in quality. Rye Flour has been dull and unsettled, with sales of 350 bbls to note at $3,25@3,62½ ⅌ bbl, the latter for better brands. Corn Meal is more inquired for, and 1500 bbls Penna sold in lots at $2,81¼ ⅌ bbl, which is a fraction lower.

GRAIN.—The arrivals of Wheat continue light, and the demand good at an advance of 1@2c ⅌ bus for prime lots, sales reach about 40,000 bus, at $1,25@1,30 for common to prime Western and Penna reds, mostly at $1,28@1,30, in store; $1,28@1,32 for Southern do, afloat, and from $1,35 to 1,50 for common to prime white, the latter for prime Kentucky, in store. Rye is steady, with further small receipts and sales at 70c for North River, and 68c for Penna. Corn has been in active request at full prices, and 50,000 bus, mostly Southern yellow, sold at equal to 60c afloat and 57½@58½c in the cars and from store, including some not prime at 50@57c, as to condition; white at 60@65c, and old yellow Corn at 60@62c, the latter afloat. Oats are more active, and about 25,000 bus found buyers at 30@32c for common to prime Southern, and 32c for Penna. Barley is scarce, and selling in a small way on arrival at 77@90c; the demand is limited. Barley Malt is also quiet at 85@90c. Of Shipstuff a sale was made at $17 ⅌ ton.

PROVISIONS.—There is a firmer feeling in the market for the Hog product generally, and the sales of Mess Pork are mostly in lots to supply the trade, at $17½@17¾ ⅌ bbl. A sale of very heavy Western was made at $17 ⅌ bbl, on time. Beef is steady at $12@14 for city packed Mess, and the sales limited. Bacon moves off as wanted, part to go South, at 8@8½c for Shoulders, and 10@10½c for Sides, usual terms. Hams range at 11@12½c for plain and fancy cured. Green Meats are in good demand, with further sales of 1000 casks Shoulders and Sides, in salt, at 7c for the former and 9c for the latter, including some loose at ¼@½c less, all on time; Hams in pickle at 9@9½c, and salt at 8@8½c, usual terms. Lard continues dull, with sales of 1200 pkgs, at 9¾@10c for tcs and bbls, and 11½c for kegs, on time. Butter is moving off more freely, and prime Roll brings 13@14c. Packed is worth 9@10c, and Cheese 9@10½c ⅌ ℔, as in quality. Eggs are plenty a 12@13c ⅌ doz.

COTTON.—The market for this staple is firmer but not very active; about 1200 bales at fully former rates, which range from 9½ to 14½c for inferior to middling and middling fair Uplands and Gulfs, cash and 4 months.

ASHES.—There is little or no change in either Pots or Pearls, and about the usual business to note.

BARK.—Quercitron has declined, and about 100 hhds good bright 1st No. 1 sold at $25 ⅌ ton, at which rate it is in steady demand. We hear of nothing doing in tanner's Bark.

BEESWAX is in good demand and scarce, and some small sales of good yellow are reported at 32c ⅌ ℔.

COAL.—Orders are beginning to come in from the east, and there is rather more doing, both for shipment and home use, the opening prices, however, are not yet fairly established, and the market is somewhat unsettled.

COFFEE.—The stock is very much reduced, and the arrivals light. 1100 bags sold, in small lots, at 11½@14½c for Rio, and 14½@15c for Laguayra, on time.

COPPER continues dull and neglected, and the sales limited, at about previous rates.

FEATHERS move off slowly at from 45@47c for good western, as to lots.

FRUIT.—Dried fruit is dull and unsaleable, except at very low figures. Very little doing in green Apples or Cranberries. Of Pea Nuts we note a sale of 140 bags North Carolina, of common quality, at $1 ⅌ bushel.

HEMP is quiet, the stock being nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers.

HOPS.—The sales continue light at the decline, prices ranging at 20@25c for new crop, Eastern and Western. The stock is light, and old Hops very dull.

IRON.—The market for Pig Metal is rather quiet. Contracts to the extent of about 15,000 tons, mostly Anthracite No 1, are reported at $21 ⅌ ton, on time, to go East. Included in the above, are 2000 tons forge, sold to go West, on terms kept private. Nothing doing in Scotch Pig worthy of notice. In manufactured Iron there is a fair business doing.

LEAD.—There is nothing doing in the way of sales, and no change in prices.

LUMBER is more active; among the sales are 200,000 feet White Pine Shipping Boards at $13@13½; Yellow Sap do at $14@15, and Hemlock Raft Lumber at $6@7 ⅌ M.

MOLASSES is dull and the sales mostly in a small way at 18@21c for Cuba, the latter for Muscovado, on time.

PLASTER.—There is very little offering or selling, and a cargo has been disposed of at $3,25 ⅌ ton.

RICE is inactive, and about 180 casks sold at 3¾@4¼c ⅌ ℔., cash and 4 months.

SEEDS.—There is more Clover seed offering, but the demand having fallen off, only about 600 bushels have been disposed of at from $4,25 to $4,75 ⅌ bushel, mostly at the latter rate from second hands. Timothy and Flaxseed continue scarce, the former is wanted at $2,75@$3, and the latter at $1,50 ⅌ bushel. Foreign seed is higher.

SPIRITS.—There is very little movement in foreign, owing to the firmness of holders, and the sales of Brandy and Gin have been limited, but at very full prices. N. E. Rum moves off slowly at 30@32c. Whiskey is lower, with light receipts and sales to note at 17c for Drudge; 17½c for hhds; 17½c for Penna bbls., and 18c for Ohio and prison do.

SUGARS are arriving more freely, and some 1500 hhds, mostly Cuba, have been disposed of on landing, at from 4¾ to 5½c, on the usual terms.

TALLOW is firmer, and rather more active, with sales of city at 9¼@9¾c, and country at 8¾c ⅌ ℔.

TOBACCO.—There is rather more doing in both Leaf and manufactured, without any alteration to note in prices.

WOOL.—There is very little inquiry from manufacturers, and the market is dull and neglected, buyers taking hold only to supply their immediate wants at very irregular rates. Among the transactions are 5000 ℔s fleece, half blood at 36½c, cash.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1328 head. The prices realized were from 7 to 9½c ⅌ ℔. 70 Cows brought from $15 to 25 ⅌ head. 6000 Sheep were sold at from 5 to 6c ⅌ ℔, gross weight. 2450 head of Hogs sold at $6¾ to 8 ⅌ cwt. net.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady:—

LOANS.	Bid.	Asked.
U S 6 pr ct, '67	109	—
" " '68	109	—
" 5 " coupon '74s	102½	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	97½	—
" " new	102½	103
" 5 "	—	—
Pitts 6 pr ct,	—	65
" " coupon	—	—
All'gy City 6 pr ct.	65	
" County	40	—
Penn 6 pr ct,	—	102½
" 5 "	83	89
Tenn 6 "	—	—
" 5 coupon	—	—
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	95
Missouri "	—	—
Ohio " 1886	—	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	—	98½
Virginia "	91	91½
Ind State pr ct	92	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch' Nav 6 pr ct loan '82	72	—
imp. 6 pr ct	75	80
stock	—	—
preferred	17½	17¾
Lehigh Nav stock	52	52½
mort 6 pr ct	101	101½
scrip	34½	35½
Morris Consol'd	54	—
preferred	111	112
Ches & Del	36	—
bonds	75	—
Union	—	—
bonds	—	—
Sus & Tidewater	30	—
bonds, 1878	—	35

RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.	Bid.	Asked.
Pennsylvania RR 1st mort bonds	99½	—
2nd "	91½	—
stock	41	41¼
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1864	90	—
stock	117½	—
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	83½	—
mort 6's '44	91	—
" " '86	74½	75
stock	248	—
Phil, Wil & Balt stock	37½	—
6 pr ct loan '80	—	94
Elmira 7's 1st mort	66½	67
2nd "	23	24
stock	12½	—
Catawissa	—	—
Beaver Meadow stock	—	61
preferred 10 pr ct	58	—
North Penn'a R R stock	8½	—
6 pr ct loan	66	67
Phil Ger & Nor R R stock, div'd off	50	50½
6 pr ct loan	94	—
Erie R R stock	—	72
Hudson River R R	82½	—
N Y Central	77½	—
Michigan Central	—	—
Illinois "	—	—
Michigan Southern	—	—

NEW YORK MARKETS.

March 30.—FLOUR heavy; 8300 bbls sold at $5,20@5,30 for State, $5,37½@5,45 for Ohio. Southern unchanged. Wheat declined; 12,000 bus sold at $1,35@1,36 for red Western, and $1,50@1,61 for white. Corn declining; 10,000 bus sold at 63c for new mixed. Pork steady; Mess unchanged; Prime $12,50. Lard unchanged. Whiskey dull at 17¼@17¾c.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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HUNT & MINER, Nos. 71 & 73 Fifth Street, Pittsburg.
GEORGE N. LEWIS, 28 West 6th St., Cincinnati, O.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 26th ultimo, by Friends' ceremony, SAMUEL B. CHAPMAN, to TACY A. daughter of Isaac R. Wright, both of this city.

At Forrest Hill, March 20th, 1861, by the Rev. John K. Murphy, WILLIAM H. MILLER, to SALLIE W. daughter of Dr. C. W. Pennock, both of Del. county.

On the 21st ultimo, by the Rev. G. D. Carrow, G. BOLTON NEWTON, to MARY J. daughter of Dr. B. Malone, both of this city.

On Thursday evening, Feb. 21st, at the house of the bride's mother, by the Rev. Geo. A. Durborow, Mr. JOHN H. FRICKE, to Miss ASENATH T. TYLER, both of this city.

On the 25th of Dec. 1860, by the Rev. A. G. McAuley, Mr. JOHN CLARK, to Miss MARGARET HENDERSON, both of this city.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. CHARLES SMITH, to Miss MARTHA A. MYERS, daughter of Geo. O. Myers, Esq. both of this city.

On the 18th ultimo, at Lafayette Hotel, Roxborough, by the Rev. Jos. Beggs, Mr. JACOB MICKLER, to Miss FANNY SMITH, both of this city.

On the 11th ultimo, by the Rev. J. E. Meredith Mr. JOHN LONG, to Miss HENRIETTA CARHART, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Sunday, 24th ultimo, at Scranton, Pa., Hon. GEORGE W. SCRANTON, member of Congress from the 12th District of Penna.

In this city, on the morning of the 25th ultimo, WILLIAM L. BAILY, in his 33d year.

On Sunday morning, 24th ultimo, WESLEY B. BLOOM, aged 22 years.

At Germantown, on Sunday, March 24th, WILLIAM BURROUGHS, in his 38th year.

On Monday, 25th ultimo, WHITTON EVENS, in his 42d year.

In Paris, (France,) on the 1st of March, 1861, ELIZABETH H. wife of John Beylard, formerly of this city.

On the 22d ultimo, LOUISA M. wife of Lewis Y. Walraven.

On the 23d ultimo, at the residence of his brother in law, F. A. Eliot, Germantown, after a short but severe illness, THOMAS WHIPPLE, aged 23 years.

On the 23d ultimo, Mrs. ELIZABETH, wife of Wm Welden, aged 38 years.

On the 23d ultimo, MARY ANN, daughter of Thos. and the late Sarah Wigfall, aged 20 years.

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CALCINED MAGNESIA

Is free from unpleasant taste, and three times the strength of the common Calcined Magnesia.

A WORLD'S FAIR MEDAL and FOUR FIRST PREMIUM SILVER MEDALS have been awarded it, as being the best in the market. For sale by the Druggists and country storekeepers generally, and by the manufacturer,
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CEPHALIC PILLS,
CURE
SICK HEADACHE;
CURE
NERVOUS HEADACHE;
CURE
ALL KINDS
OF
HEADACHE.

By the use of these Pills the periodic attacks of *Nervous or Sick Headache* may be prevented; and if taken at the commencement of an attack immediate relief from pain and sickness will be obtained.

They seldom fail in removing the *Nausea* and *Headache* to which females are so subject.

They act gently upon the bowels,—removing *Costiveness.*

For *Literary Men, Students,* Delicate Females, and all persons of *sedentary habits,* they are valuable as a *Laxative,* improving the *appetite,* giving *tone* and *vigor* to the digestive organs, and restoring the natural elasticity and strength of the whole system.

The CEPHALIC PILLS are the result of long investigation and carefully conducted experiments, having been in use many years, during which time they have prevented and relieved a vast amount of pain and suffering from Headache, whether originating in the *nervous* system or from a deranged state of the *stomach.*

They are entirely vegetable in their composition, and may be taken at all times with perfect safety, without making any change of diet, *and the absence of any disagreeable taste renders it easy to administer them to children.*

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CEPHALIC PILLS,
WILL CONVINCE ALL WHO SUFFER FROM
HEADACHE,
THAT A
SPEEDY AND SURE CURE
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MASONVILLE, CONN., Feb. 5, 1861.
MR. SPALDING.
SIR:

I have tried your Cephalic Pills, and *I like them so well* that I want you to send me two dollars' worth more.

Part of these are for the neighbors, to whom I gave a few out of the first box I got from you.

Send the Pills by mail, and oblige
Your ob't Servant,
JAMES KENNEDY.

HAVERFORD, PA., Feb. 6, 1861.
MR. SPALDING.
SIR:

I wish you to send me one more box of your Cephalic Pills, *I have received a great deal of benefit from them.* Yours, respectfully,
MARY ANN STOIKHOUSE.

SPRUCE CREEK, HUNTINGTON CO., PA.,
January 18, 1861.
H. C. SPALDING.
SIR:

You will please send me two boxes of your Cephalic Pills. Send them immediately.
Respectfully yours,
JNO. B. SIMONS.

P. S.—*I have used one box of your Pills, and find them excellent.*

BELLE VERNON, Ohio, Jan. 15, 1861.
HENRY C. SPALDING, Esq.

Please find inclosed twenty five cents, for which send me another box of your Cephalic Pills. *They are truly the best Pills I have ever tried.*
Direct A. STOVER, P. M.,
Belle Vernon, Wyandot Co., O.

BEVERLY, MASS., Dec. 11, 1860.
H. C. SPALDING, Esq.

I wish for some circulars or large show bills, to bring your Cephalic Pills more particularly before my customers. If you have anything of the kind, please send to me.

One of my customers, who is subject to severe Sick Headache, (usually lasting two days,) *was cured of an attack in one hour by your Pills,* which I sent her. Respectfully yours,
W. B. WILKES.

REYNOLDSBURG, FRANKLIN CO., OHIO,
January 9, 1861.
HENRY C. SPALDING,
No. 48 Cedar st., N. Y.,
DEAR SIR:

Inclosed find twenty five cents, (25,) for which send box of "Cephalic Pills." Send to address of Rev. Wm. C. Filler, Reynoldsburg, Franklin Co., Ohio.

Your Pills work like a charm—cure Headache almost instanter.
Truly yours,
WM. C. FILLER.

☞ A single bottle of SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE will save ten times its cost annually. ☜

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SAVE THE PIECES!
ECONOMY! DISPATCH!
☞ "A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE." ☜

As accidents will happen, even in well regulated families, it is very desirable to have some cheap and convenient way for repairing Furniture, Toys, Crockery, &c.

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As certain unprincipled persons are attempting to palm off on the unsuspecting public, imitations of my PREPARED GLUE, I would caution all persons to examine before purchasing, and see that the full name,

☞ SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE, ☜
is on the outside wrapper all others are swindling counterfeits. nov17-1y

THE
SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORLD.

From the organization of the Society, in 1824, the AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION has published one or more periodicals as a means of communication with its friends and patrons, and as an aid and encouragement to those who are charged with the responsible and sacred office of *Sunday-School Teaching.* Both the *form* and *price* have been modified from time to time, but, for the most part, the *design* and *matter* have been restricted to the legitimate province of the institution as a Sunday-School agency.

"THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORLD" will be published on the FIRST WEDNESDAY of every month, and will embrace the interests of the Sunday-Schools, and their improvement and extension at HOME and ABROAD.

It will contain a general survey of the Missionary field occupied by the AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION and kindred institutions in the United States and other parts of Christendom.

It will present a summary of Sunday School intelligence from all sources within reach, and a view of the progress and prospects of religious education generally.

One or more topics, of practical interest to Sunday-School Teachers, will be discussed in each number.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORLD will also contain notices of new books, and acknowledgements of contributions to the benevolent objects of the Society.

☞ In the size and shape we have adopted for THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORLD, we had some reference to the convenient form of a *bound volume.* If the character of the paper is what the Society intend it shall be, it will have a *permanent* value, and will be worthy of preservation for future reference.

☞ We are gratified to find that our first issue has been received with such general approbation by the public.

The second number is *now ready.* Specimen copies furnished gratuitously.

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Cure Cough, Cold, Hoarseness, Influenza, and Irritation or Soreness of the Throat, relieve the Hacking Cough in Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma & Catarrh, clear & give strength to the voice of
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BRANDRETH'S PILLS.

The use of these Pills ADD TO OUR VITALITY! thus enabling us to resist the ACTION OF DISEASE.

The way in which a cure is effected may be interesting to professional men, yet it is not of any sort of consequence to a man or woman in search of health.

THEY WANT TO KNOW
WHAT MEDICINE CURES,
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COSTIVENESS AND DIZZINESS CURED.

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DR. B. BRANDRETH—Dear Sir—In the spring of 1853, I had the misfortune to break my thigh in consequence of which my constitution became greatly debilitated, and I suffered with great costiveness, attended with dizziness and severe pain in the head and side, and oppression of the heart. I was attended by several physicians of this city for three years without obtaining relief, and had despaired of a cure till finally I was induced to try your Pills, which almost instantly relieved me, and in a short time completely restored my health. I consider them the best medicine in the world. Yours, truly,
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These celebrated Pills are sold at 25 cents per box, with full directions, at 294 Canal Street, New York, Dr. Brandreth's Office, and by MRS. SHAEFFER, No. 14 North Eighth Street, Philadelphia; by T. W. DYOTT & SONS, No. 232 North Second Street, Philadelphia, and by all respectable dealers in medicines. mar30-2t

WHAT A FIGURE! HA! HA! HA!—This is the greeting often received from their friends, by those becoming prematurely gray or bald. To avoid any thing so unpleasant, you have only to use LYON'S KATHAIRON, the most excellent and popular preparation for the Hair ever made. Sold everywhere. mar23-4t

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$100 PER MONTH made by any one with STENCIL TOOLS. I sell the cheapest and best. Send for my circular, which fully explains the business. Address JOHN MILLIKEN, Lawrence, Mass., or No. 70 Third St., St. Louis, Mo. mar30-6t

Wit and Humor.

A HARD SENTENCE.

A few years since one Lindsey (famous in Illinois and Indiana as a bold thief and highwayman, and since shot for insubordination in the penitentiary,) was arraigned before an Illinois Circuit Court to answer an indictment for highway robbery; to which charge, there being conclusive testimony against him, he plead "Guilty." The crime was a very bold and atrocious act, denoting great skill in that kind of "rough gambling," as well as a very abandoned and wicked heart. At the close of the term Lindsey was brought up to receive his sentence, when Judge Davis, who is a great admirer of honest industry, as well as an inordinate hater of such "laripins" as Lindsey, who subsist by thieving, proceeded to pass the sentence of the law upon him. His honor commenced by reminding the prisoner that he was yet a young man, possessed with a more than ordinary share of natural endowments, sufficient, if well applied, to place him in the foremost ranks of honorable society. He next informed him that, by his own plea, he was guilty of robbing—in open day and almost in the presence of the whole community—an old and helpless man of his hard-earned money—a crime recognized by the law of the land as of the most abandoned and wicked character. In rehearsing this scathing prelude to the sentence of the law, the Judge, as is usual in such cases, got himself very much warmed up, so that when he came to close his remarks with the sentence, he found our State institutions somewhat mixed up in his mind; for said he,

"Lindsey, I shall sentence you to *seven years in the Illinois Legislature!*"

"The penitentiary, your honor," suggested the prosecuting-attorney, who was standing by.

The Judge accepted the correction of the prosector, muttering, at the same time, something about the "slight difference" that existed. A titter ran around the bar, when the matter was dropped for the present; but Judge Davis frequently hears of his sentence upon Lindsey.

WISER THAN THE PRIEST.

Father McGuire, of Pittsburg, was, many years ago, very popular, both in his private and ministerial life, with all classes and denominations. He was a genial, warm-hearted old Irishman, fond of a joke, and the following was one of several good ones on himself, which he relished very much in telling:—

He was riding out on the Butler road one hot summer's day, when he stopped at a house by the wayside to get a drink of water and rest awhile. While in conversation with the woman of the house, he picked up the Bible, and asked her if she read it often.

"Yes," she replied. "I have read it through often."

"And do you understand all you read in it, my good woman?" said his reverence.

"Yes, I do," said she.

"Well," said he, "I have been reading and studying it all my life, and I find a great deal in it which I cannot understand."

"Well," said she, "if you are a fool, is that any reason that I should be?"

Sure enough, what could Father McGuire say to that?

DIVIDING THE RESPONSIBILITY.—It is an old story, told by Sterne, that two holy nuns were driving a mule that ought to have drawn their vehicle from the convent to a certain shrine. But the mule, finding that he had only two gentle ladies behind him instead of a slashing swearing driver, [illegible] stuck fast, and would not move. The young ladies tried every means to get him on in vain. At last it occurred to them that the beast had been in the habit of being urged on by bad language, and would not move unless a naughty word were used to him. Somehow, convent-bred though they were, the pretty creatures happened to know one naughty word, Mr. Punch does not know one, but it is suggested to him that it may have been "Devil." But of course the girls were not going to commit the sin of saying this, and a bright thought struck them. "Let us divide the word," said the holy Constantia to the holy Emilia, "and then there will be no sin, as neither will have said the word." So "De," cried the sweet voice of Emilia, "Vil," cried the sweet voice of Constantia, and on, let us hope, went the mule.—*Punch.*

NEGRO DIGNITY.—A man from the rural districts was dining at the St. Charles, New Orleans, recently, and not being posted as to the customary forms respecting the allotment of certain guests to one servant, was continually hailing the servants to bring him various dishes, principally oysters. Thus: "I say, *stranger*, have you got any isters?" No response. Repeating loudly, "I say, you *stranger*, have you got any isters?" At last an old colored person turned around, with quite a determined cast of countenance, and, looking daggers, replied, "I isn't a stranger heah; I'se lived heah a sarvent fur five years; and this isn't an oyster-cellar, but a 'spectable first-class hotel!" Amidst the laughter of the party the man retired to look for the ister-house.

HIT OR MISS!—In a town not far distant from the eastern border of this city, an attendant upon public Sabbath worship there was accustomed to make responses so frequently, loudly, and oftentimes inappropriately, that the pastor of the parish at length suggested to him that it would be well to observe more caution in his outward manifestations of fervor. For a time he was more guarded in his exclamations, but one Sunday on hearing something from the pulpit of more than usual interest to him, he electrified the audience by shouting forth, "*Amen! Hit or miss!*"

HOW TOM WAS CAUGHT.

One of our young friends sends the following anecdote of a Maryland lady and her negro servant. The lady was unable to account for the great consumption of butter in the family, and one day she followed a new purchase to the kitchen, in time to see the cook's friend, Tom, deposit one of the rolls in his hat, and put it on his head. Without seeming to notice it, she sent the cook, who was browning coffee over the fire, on an errand, and desired Tom to take her place. Not suspecting her object, he readily complied. Presently, as he stirred, a violent perspiration broke out on him. "Stir away, Tom," said the lady, "or the coffee will burn!" "Oh, missus," groaned Tom, "I'se so hot, I sweat so!" "Well, you do sweat, that's a fact, but stir away!" The perspiration now became too strong for Tom's control, and poured over his face and eyes in streams. Catching a smile on the lady's face, he dropped the spoon, exclaiming, "Oh, missus, I neber do so agin," and made a dash for the door. Tom was fully cured.—*American Agriculturist.*

THE TWO PHYSICIANS.—Clutterbuck's story of the old lady (his aunt) is excellent. Being very nervous, she told Sir W. Farquhar she thought Bath would do her good. "It is very odd," said Sir W., "but that's the very thing that I was going to recommend to you. I will write the particulars of your case to a very clever man there, in whose hands you will be well taken care of." The lady, furnished with the letter, set off, and on her arriving at Newbury, feeling as usual very nervous, she said to her confidant, "Long as Sir Walter has attended me, he has never explained to me what ails me. I have a great mind to open his letter, and see what he has stated of my case to the Bath physician." In vain her friend represented to her the breach of confidence this would be. She opened the letter and read, "Dear Davis, keep the old lady three weeks, and send her back again."

A GOOD ANSWER.—On a certain occasion a noted infidel borrowed a sum of money from the late Dr. Lathrop, of West Springfield, Mass. When he came to pay it, he thought to dose the doctor with argument from the Bible.

"You ought not to take interest for this money, for the Jews were forbidden to take usury."

"Oh, no," answered the doctor, "you forget; the Jews were permitted to take it of the heathen."

The application was too direct to be mistaken, and the man was quite willing to drop the argument and pay the money.

A STORK STORY.

Mr. Horace Mayhew, in his new work on Jutland, tells the following story:—

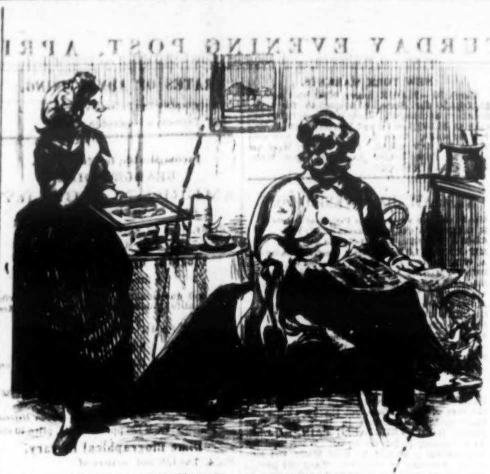
"An English manufacturer, settled somewhere in Zealand, amused himself by changing the eggs laid by a stork, who annually built her nest on his house, for those of an owl. In due course of time the eggs were hatched, and he was startled one morning by a tremendous row going on in the nest of the parent storks. The male, in a violent state of excitement, flew round and round his nest; the female chattered away, protecting her nestlings under her wings; it was quite evident that the stork was not satisfied with the produce of his helpmate; there was something *louche* about the whole affair; he would not recognize the offspring. After a violent dispute the male flew away, and shortly returned, accompanied by two other storks, birds of consequence and dignity. They sat themselves down on the roof, and listened to the pros and cons of the matter. Mrs. Stork was compelled to rise and exhibit her children. 'Can they be mine?' exclaimed the stork. 'Happen what may, I will never recognize them.' On her side Mrs. Stork protested and fluttered, and vowed it was all witchcraft—never had stork possessed so faithful a wife before. Alas! alas! how seldom the gentle sex meets with justice in this world when judged by man, or, in this case, by stork-kind! The judges looked wondrous wise, consulted, and then of a sudden, without pronouncing sentence, regardless of shrieks for mercy, fell on the injured Mrs. Stork, and pecked her to death with their long, sharp beaks. As for the young owls, they would not defile their bills by touching them, so they kicked them out of the nest, and they were killed in the tumble. The father stork, broken-hearted, quitted his abode, and never again returned to his former building-place."

LOVE'S ILLUSIONS.

We are not very much to blame for our bad marriages. We live amid hallucinations; and this especial trap is laid to trip up our feet with, and all are tripped up first or last. But the mighty mother who had been so sly with us, as if she felt that she owed us some indemnity, insinuates into the Pandora-box of marriage some deep and serious benefits, and some great joys. We find a delight in the beauty and happiness of children, that makes the heart too big for the body. In the worst-assorted connections there is ever some mixture of true marriage.—*Emerson.*

VERY BONNY.—On the first introduction of Tractarianism into Scotland, the full choir service had been established in an Episcopal church, where a noble family had adopted those views, and carried them out regardless of expense. The lady who had been instrumental in getting up these musical services, was very anxious that a favorite female servant of the family—a Presbyterian of the old school—should have an opportunity of hearing them; accordingly, she very kindly took her down to church in the carriage, and on returning, asked her what she thought of the music, etc.

"Ou, it's varra bonny, varra bonny; but oh, my lady, it's an awfu' way of spending the Sabbath." The good woman could only look upon the whole thing as a musical performance.—*Reminiscences of Scottish Life.*



BACHELOR HOUSEKEEPING.

BACHELOR.—"Mary, I should like that piece of Bacon I left at dinner yesterday."

IRISH SERVANT.—"Is it the bit o' Bhacon thin? Shure I took it to loight the fhoires!"

WHO'D BE A DONKEY?

"Who'd be a donkey?" said a smart-looking horse that was grazing in a meadow, under the hedge of which a heavily-laden donkey was picking up a thistle.

"Who'd be a donkey?" said a cow in the opposite meadow, looking at him through the gate.

"Who'd be a donkey?" said an elderly gentleman, dressed in black, walking in a reflecting manner up the road, his arms crossed behind his back, and his stick under his arm.

"Friends," said the donkey, with a very long piece of bramble hanging from his mouth, "you'll excuse my speaking while I am eating, which is not polite; but, in order to set your benevolent hearts at rest, I beg to assure you that *I'd* be a donkey."

"Well," said the horse, "there's no accounting for taste. I wouldn't. Do you mean to say that you prefer your ragged pasture out there to my delicate fare in here?"

"I never tasted yours," said the donkey; "mine is very pleasant."

"Do you mean to say, friend," asked the cow, "that you prefer carrying that heavy load to living at ease as I do?"

"I never lived at ease; I am used to my burthen," said the donkey.

"I should think, my poor fellow," said the gentleman, "you would be glad even to change places with your master, vagabond as he is. You would certainly escape beating and starvation; I see the marks on your poor head where his blows have been, and your ribs plainly tell what your ordinary fare is."

"Sir," said the donkey, "I am greatly obliged to you for your pity, but I assure you it is misplaced: my master is more of a brute than I am, both when he gets intoxicated and when he beats me. I don't like beating, especially about the head; but it is a part of my lot to bear it, and when the pain is past I forget it. As to starving, there are degrees in starvation; I am many points from the bottom of the scale, as you may see by the delicate piece of bramble I was finishing when you spoke. I believe my master, who cannot dine on a hedge, more frequently suffers from hunger than I do."

"Well, my friend," said the gentleman, "your philosophy is great; but that burthen must be too much for you; it is twice your size."

"It is heavy, sir; but who is without a burthen? You, sir, for instance—(pardon me; not for worlds of thistles would I bring you on a par with a poor donkey)—you are, as I should judge, the clergyman of this parish?"

"Yes," said the gentleman.

"And you have a family?"

"Yes; six children."

"And servants of course?"

"Yes, three."

"Dear me!" said the donkey. "Sir, excuse me again; but what is my burthen to yours? A parish, six children, and three servants!"

"Oh, but my parts are such that I am constituted to bear them."

"Just so, sir," said the donkey; "and my burthen fits my back. The truth is, sir, I *believe*, and I would recommend you (once more excuse me) to put it into your next sermon, that half, and more than half, of our wants are created; half, and more than half, of our miseries are imaginary; and half, and more than half, of our blessings are lost for want of seeing them. I learnt this from my mother, who was a very sensible donkey, and my experience of life has shown me its truth. With neither of my friends over the hedges would I change place, scornful as they look while I say it. As for you, sir, let me tell you that a thunderstorm, which will not touch my old great coat, will spoil your new black one; and I advise you to run for it, while I finish my dinner."

INJUSTICE TO THE GIRLS.—The Dublin Magazine says truly:—"At present it is only our *sons* whom we care to put forward, and *we leave the girls to chance*. Nothing can be more unjust. Our sons are strong, can work for themselves, and will always be more or less in requisition. Our daughters are weak, and yet we give them no aid, we teach them no trade, no profession, and we apply our savings not to their dowry, but to pay the debts and encourage the selfish extravagance of our boys."

A MAN OF INDEPENDENT MIND.—In reference to clearing the roads, there is a racy anecdote of the late Duke of Gordon, when Marquis of Huntly, and George Daniel, a flesher in Huntly. The celebrated Jane Maxwell, Duchess of Gordon, was living at Huntly Lodge, and wishing to proceed to a ball at Aberdeen during a heavy snow-storm, the folks of Huntly, turned out to clear the way through the hills of Foudland. The Marquis, mounted on horseback, acted as generalissimo, and, meeting George Daniel in the Bogie Wynd, saluted him, "Ho, Daniel, why arn't you out helping to shiel out the snaw?" "Faith, my Lord Marquis, they chan shiel't it out that shiel't it in."

Agricultural.

STUMBLING HORSES.

No fault of horses is more annoying or dangerous than the not uncommon one of *stumbling*. It may be traced to one or more of these three causes: malformation, weakness, or disease. Some may add that of carelessness on the part of the animal; but this, without the others, would not produce it; for with a sound, well developed shoulder, breast and fore leg, unimpaired in strength, the horse does not need to give especial attention to his movements even on a rough road.

The first cause, *malformation*, may show itself in a narrow chest; a shoulder blade rising too perpendicularly from the leg; a small, unmuscular "fore arm;" knees more or less "sprung;" a badly shaped pastern, or hoofs too slanting and large, or upright and small. The fore parts of a horse give surefootedness or its opposite, and should be most carefully scrutinized.

Second—*weakness*. This may proceed from and be detected by malformation, as a badly formed horse is, other things being equal, weaker than a well formed one; or it may be occasioned by injuries, such as strains, colds, bad shoeing, or excessive work.

Third—*disease* of any kind in the shoulder or hoof may cause stumbling, not only on account of the weakness produced, but from the effort of the horse to relieve the painful part, he will lift his feet but slightly, or perhaps point the toe downward, either of which will cause a liability to stumble. This is the case particularly with foundered horses, and with those that by bad shoeing have "corns." In one animal of my own, the first perceptible symptom of the presence of *corns* was repeated stumbling. A few days after, she was lame, and on removing the fore shoes, just in the "angle" of the hoof were well developed corns. Proper shoeing and careful use for a few days remedied the evil.

The cure for a stumbler is, in some cases, easy, but more generally it can only be partially reached or is beyond human skill. If disease or injury has weakened the limb or its connecting muscles, whatever will restore health will be a cure. If the evil is permanent, or proceeds from malformation, then the animal should be put to such use as will not render him liable to stumble, or will allow him to fall without risk to life or limb. Such a horse is especially unfit for the saddle or for shafts.

Some palliatives may be found in the proper management of the horse, such as holding a moderately tight rein, and maintaining a lively mood in the animal, keeping the head well up, and chiding him *judiciously* when he stumbles. If the head is allowed to hang down, the horse becomes negligent of his steps, and moreover, the weight of the head and indeed of the whole body is thrown upon the fore legs, more than when the head is well erect. Some good authorities to the contrary notwithstanding, a rather short check and a firm rein do render a horse less liable to stumble. An occasional touch of the whip to keep him attentive is also beneficial.

One other much mooted point is, *punishment for stumbling*. Nothing can be more cruel or senseless than the habit of whipping a horse for an act which is involuntary on his part, or the result, perhaps, of former cruelties. It is dangerous, too, for if a horse is made to expect the lash whenever he stumbles, he will immediately after each mis-step, start off at a rapid gait. When, as is often the case, by the violent effort of the horse to recover himself, he has broken some part of the harness or carriage, it is impossible to stop him promptly, for he is expecting the usual application of the whip. Yet it is not best to allow the fault to go altogether unnoticed or unpunished, for undoubtedly inattention or carelessness on the part of the horse does very often aggravate the evil. When you are sure that this is the case, at each false step, check him up forcibly, and chiding him with a few sharp words, bring him to a stand. In some cases, a smart stroke of the whip may be allowed, but never until he is brought to a halt (not then if you are angry.) By this means he will soon be taught to stop instantly after he has stumbled, and if the harness be broken, he will be less liable to attempt to run away; while the slight pain to the mouth, and your chiding, will do all that can be done toward making him more careful.—*American Agriculturist.*

MANURES IN ENGLAND.—Prof. Anderson gives the following estimate of the amount expended annually by the farmers of Great Britain, for artificial manures:—

Guano,	$12,500,000
Nitrate of Soda,	1,125,000
Bones,	1,200,000
Superphosphates,	2,100,000
Coprolites,	1,875,000
Sulphate of Ammonia,	750,000
Other articles,	500,000
Total,	$20,050,000

This expenditure, coupled with improved methods of tillage, account for the fact that the average product of wheat in England has been raised from eight or nine bushels to nearly thirty bushels per acre.

INOCULATING CATTLE.—In twenty-eight departments of France, where the horned cattle have been attacked by contagious typhus fever, no less than 140,000 animals perished, entailing a loss to the proprietors of £600,000. Every means tried to check the fearful ravages of this disease proved fruitless, until an intelligent farmer of the environs of Moscow, reasoning upon the action of the virus of the cow in small-pox, thought of inoculating his healthy cattle with the saliva of an infected ox. This very simple but rational method has proved entirely successful. The inoculated animals have a mild form of the fever, and speedily recover, and are then safe from infection.

HOT BEDS.—You who love the garden, and intend that your tables shall be graced with the delicacies of the season, will not forget to prepare the hot-bed in good time. Do not look upon it as a *scientific* operation, one requiring a carpenter or any other artizan to construct it, but take the square, saw and hammer, and make it yourself in double quick time. Purchase the sash, if you have no old ones. In some sheltered and sunny spot, throw out the earth to the depth of a foot, fill in with horse manure, and on that six inches of fine loam or leaf mould, and put on the glass. Water properly, and when the whole is sufficiently warm put in the seed.

Useful Receipts.

HOW TO BOIL SLICED FISH.—To every pint of water put a teaspoonful of salt; when boiling, add your fish, of whatever kind it may be, calculating that a pound of any sort of fish will take from fifteen to twenty minutes; but ascertain if the bone separates easily from the flesh, as described in the preceding directions. Halibut and sturgeon will take longer than other fish, plaice less than any. Any fish cut in slices will always eat firmer and better if rubbed, previous to boiling, with the quantity of salt you otherwise put in the water; therefore boil the water plain, adding the fish and salt at the same time. Mackerel will take from fifteen to twenty minutes; trout and haddocks of the size of a mackerel, a little longer; herrings, from twelve to fifteen minutes; skate, a trifling time longer; adding a drop of vinegar in the water to any of the above fish is an improvement.—*Soyer's Cookery for the People.*

THE COLORING OF GOLD.—Different shades of color are given to ornaments of gold by exposing them to chemical agents, which dissolve out a portion of the copper and silver alloy, while they have scarcely any action on the gold. The French jewellers possess a number of recipes for giving color to gold, the most common of which is a mixture of two parts nitre, one part sea salt, and one of Roman alum. The jewels are kept in a solution of these chemicals, at a boiling point, from fifteen to twenty-five minutes, when they are then taken out, washed in water, and the operation is finished. The surface of the gold is dull, and perfectly uniform, but can be made lustrous by burnishing. They lose about one-sixteenth of their weight by this operation.

TO CLEAN PRINTED PAPER AND PICTURE PRINTS.—Fasten the paper to a board with button drawing-pins, then wash it with water, in which is dissolved an ounce of carbonate of ammonia to every pint of water. This do with care, employing a camel's-hair brush for the purpose. Then rinse the paper well with plenty of fresh water. When dry, repeat the same process for the reverse side of the paper. Now wet the paper with water made sour with white vinegar. Finally, wet the paper with water containing a little bleaching powder, and again rinse with clean water; then dry it by exposure to air and sunshine. It will become white, excepting where printed. Most valuable prints have been thus restored.

HOW TO COOK HAM.—Never put a ham into a kettle of cold water, and be equally careful never to place one into boiling water. First let the water become luke-warm, and then put the ham in. Let it simmer or boil lightly for four or five hours—then take it out and shave the rind off. Rub granulated sugar into the whole surface of the ham, so long as it can be made to receive it. Place the ham in a baking dish with a bottle of prime cider. Baste occasionally with the juice, and let it bake an hour in a gentle heat.

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 25 letters.

My 1, 14, 22, 2, is a sea of Asia.
My 2, 15, 3, 24, 11, 15, 22, is a division of Africa.
My 3, 10, 14, 15, is a town of Italy.
My 4, 3, 14, 19, is a river of Spain.
My 5, 18, 8, is a sea of Africa.
My 6, 1, 14, 16, is a river in France.
My 7, 23, 3, 18, is a river of Austria.
My 8, 19, 16, is a river of Russia.
My 9, 22, 6, 18, 11, 20, 19, 5, 12, is a town of Maine.
My 10, 25, 6, 19, 5, 15, 22, is a town of Oregon.
My 11, 4, 12, is a river of Texas.
My 12, 16, 4, 15, 13, 24, 11, is a river of Russia.
My 13, 15, 6, 18, 22, is a town of Sweden.
My 14, 18, 16, 16, 4, 25, is a town of France.
My 15, 17, 4, 23, 10, 16, 8, is a portion of North America.
My 16, 10, 6, 22, 2, is an island in Ethiopian Archipelago.
My 17, 18, 23, 4, 13, 18, 25, is a portion of Malaysia.
My 18, 22, 25, 6, 19, 16, is a town in Pennsylvania.
My 19, 13, 19, 11, 6, 19, is a town of Portugal.
My 20, 14, 10, 16, 17, 4, is a division of Europe.
My 21, 4, 25, 6, 20, 15, 24, 2, 12, is a river of Massachusetts.
My 22, 5, 15, 25, 13, 24, is a town in Mexico.
My 23, 10, 8, 14, 19, 16, 4, is a group of islands in the Pacific Ocean.
My 24, 13, 15, 16, 10, 23, is a town of France.
My 25, 13, 1, 11, 6, 10, is a town of Georgia.

My whole created considerable excitement in the United States.

Philadelphia. REBECCA.

DOUBLE REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A gulf east of Asia.
A town in one of the British Isles.
A county of California.
An island east of Asia.
A range of mountains in Asia.
A town of Arabia.
A town in France.
A four legged animal.
A great Power of the world.
To overcome by stratagem.
A town in the northern part of Africa.
A county of Texas.
A strait in Europe.
A gulf in Europe.

The initials form a bay; the finals, where situated. SAM. LAIRD.

RIDDLE.

I'm a short word, 'tis true, but I waddle about
With three little ones in me, which you must find out.
When the first comes to light, in the whimsical elf
You will find, in my judgment, a type of yourself.
The next is a female, both ugly and old,
A hag in her looks, in her temper a scold;
Yet her name you'll deserve, if you find out my riddle,
And if you do not, you may hang up your fiddle.
The third's a disease you will have I am sure,
Till this puzzle you solve, which no medicine can cure,
And that you will ne'er do, unless by possessing
My first and my second they should aid you in guessing,
And then you will find what was told you quite true,
That I am the rod put in pickle for you.

☞ An answer is requested.

TRANSPOSITIONS

On the Names of Towns in the United States.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Sand rope.	I met a rat.
Oh! not us.	No more.
End note.	Dim noses.
No brag.	Vile land.
A tone.	Fox rod.

B. P. N.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There was a certain company of soldiers, which, if they filed off in double file, they came out even;—if they filed three men deep, there was also none left; if by four men, they would also make even files; by five, they would leave none, as also by six. But when they would file off by seven, there would be one man left without a companion. Pray tell me the number of these men, as, also, how many men were yet wanted until this single man, by his division of seven, could also have been taken in?

PETER PLAIN.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There are two numbers, whose difference is 7. Twice the square of the less, increased by 94, is equal to the square of the greater. What are the numbers?

Glencoe, Ga. J. W. HATCHER.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a waiter like a race horse? Ans.—He often runs for a plate or a cup.

☞ How does a cow become a landed estate? Ans.—By turning her into a field.

☞ Why is a lover like a dog? Ans.—Because he bows and he wows.

☞ What individual should beat Berger all hollow at billiards without using a cue? Ans.—The Archbishop of Canterbury, who makes canons with the stroke of his pen.

☞ What throat is the best for a singer to reach high notes with? Ans.—A sore throat (*soar* throat).

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

MITHOLOGICAL ENIGMA—Robert Treat Paine. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—The visit of the Japanese Embassy. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—"By learning to obey, you will know how to command." CHARADE—Cross patch. REBUS—Pekin, China. ARITHMETICAL QUESTION—81.

Answer to Daniel Diefenbach's PROBLEM, published March 9th.—20 acres, 16.99 perches.

R. BARTO, Schuylkill Co., Pa.

☞ A strutting coxcomb asked a barber's boy if he ever shaved a monkey? "No, sir—but if you will please sit down, I'll t-t-try."